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THE

HOWE FAMILY GATHERING,

AT

HARMONY GROVE, SOUTH FRAMINGHAM,

THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1871.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

BY REV. ELIAS NASON, M.A.

CITY OF BOSTON

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

PUBLISHED BY ELIAS HOWE,

103 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

1871.

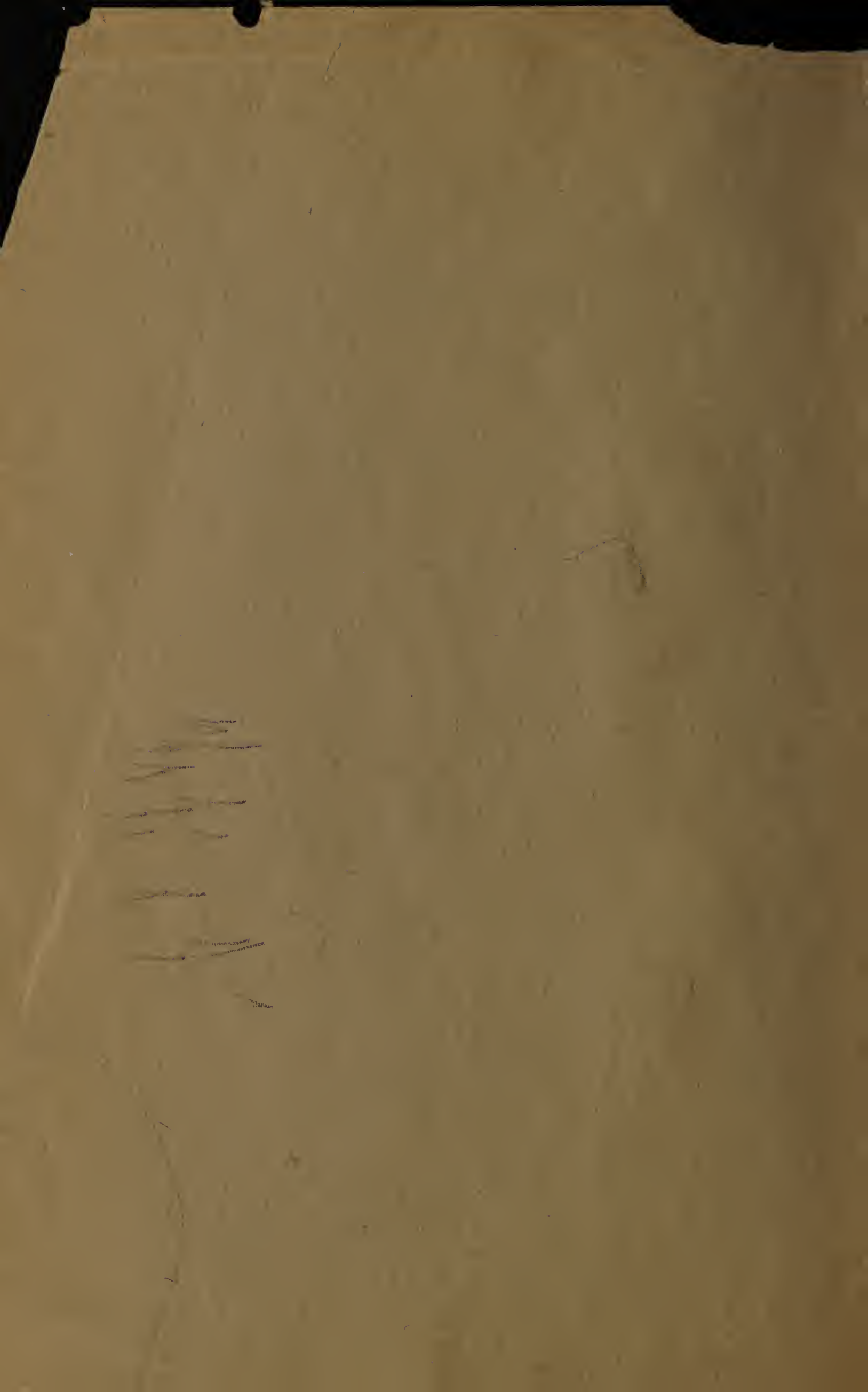
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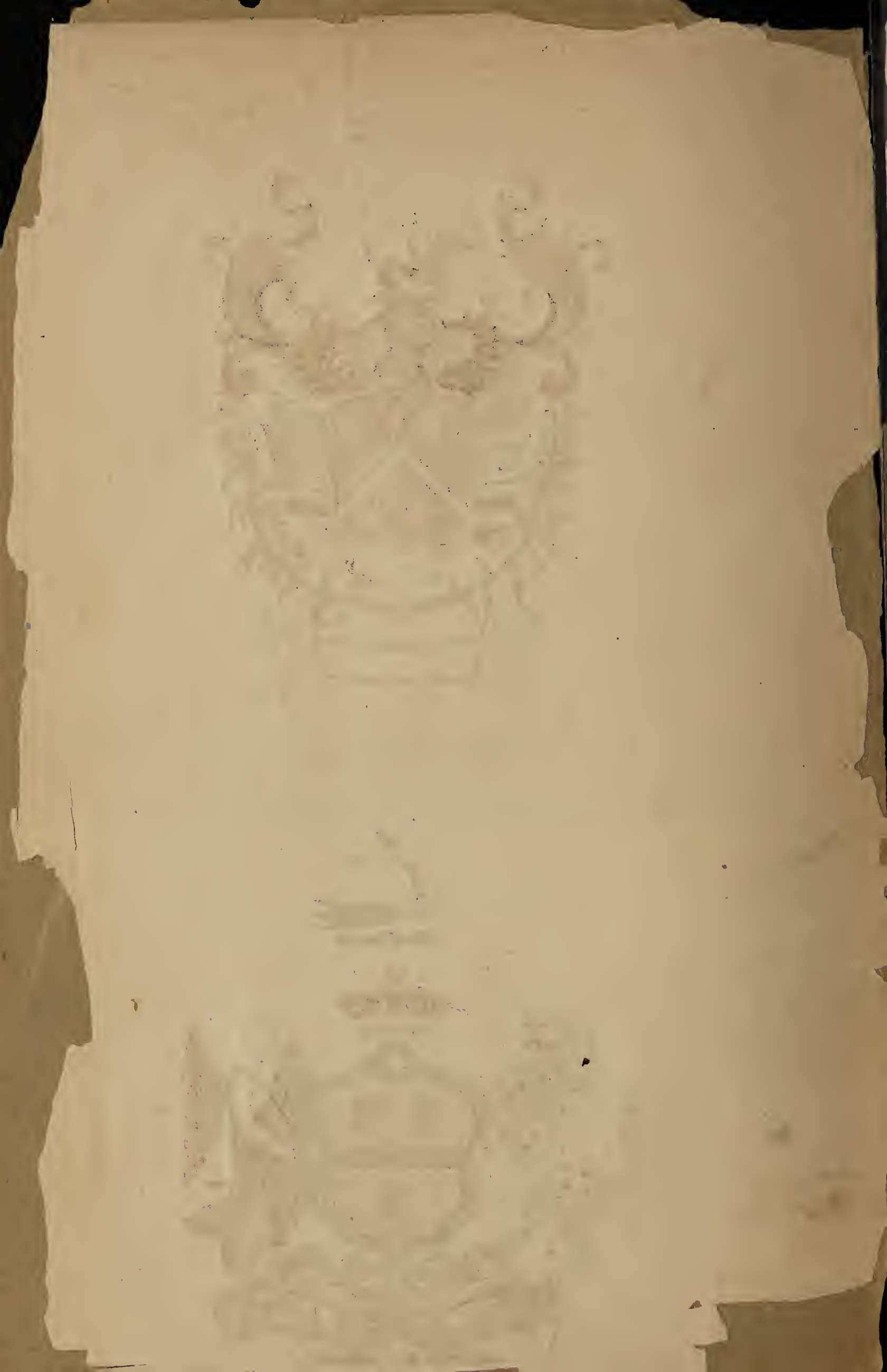
CREATION.—The most Noble & Puissant Ld. Charls' How, El. of Lancaster, & Bn. How of Wormleight
 1st comistr. of ye Treasury, 1st Gentn. of ye bedchambr. to his Maj., Kt. of ye garter, & one of ye Govrs. of
 Chartr. house. Creatd. Bt. How of Wormton. in ye county of Warwick, Novr. 18, 1606, in ye 4th of James
 1st, & El. of Lancaster, Jun. ye 8th, 1643, in ye 19th of Charls. ye 1st, of this famy. which derivs. themsel
 from a youngr. branch of ye ants. Bns. How's, men fams. many eges Since in Engd. among which where Hu
 How ye father & Son great faverts. of Kn. Edwd. ye 2d., John How, Esqr. son to Jn. How of Hodinhull in
 County of Warwk.



ARMS.—He bear'th *Gules*, (Red) a *Chevron* (pointed arch) *Argent*, (Silver) between 3 *crosslets Or*, (Gold)
 3 *Wolfs heads* of ye Same crest on a wreath (or wreath) a *Wyvern* or *Dragn.* partd. per pale *Or & Vert* (Green)
 perced through ye mouth wth. arow, by ye Name of How, ye wolfs are ye fams. arms. ye cross. for gt. accts.
 don by ye 1st El.

The above is a *fac simile* of the original Coat of Arms said to have been brought from England by John Howe
 about 1630, and adorned the walls of the "Wayside Inn," or Howe Tavern, in Sudbury, for over 150 years.





THE HOWE FAMILY GATHERING.

I. — THE HOWE FAMILY IN AMERICA.

THE number of those who bear the name of How, or Howe, in America, is very great; yet they may, for the most part, be traced to James and Abraham Howe (perhaps brothers), of Roxbury, admitted freemen in 1637-38; to Edward and Abraham Howe, of Watertown; to Daniel and Edward Howe, of Lynn; and to John Howe, who was in Sudbury as early as 1638, and who died in Marlborough, in 1687.

Of these early settlers, James was the son of Robert, of Hatfield, Broad Oak, Essex Co., England, and died in Ipswich, in 1702; Edward, of Lynn, came over in the *True-love*, in 1635, and died in 1639, leaving issue from which most of the Howe families in Connecticut have descended. Daniel, of Lynn, after holding several public offices in Massachusetts, removed to Southampton, on Long Island. They were all honest, hardy, vigorous men, having, in the main, large families, which, multiplying and increasing from generation to generation, have, by their industry, genius, probity and valor, aided in laying the foundations, and in building up the structure, of this Republic; and they are now found busily engaged in the various trades and professions, arts and industries of life, in almost every section of the Union.

So far as known, but one of them was ever executed for a crime, and that was Mrs. Elizabeth Howe, of Ipswich, hung for witchcraft in 1692; but her virtues, just as those of her great Master, sanctified the altar; and her name, now as the mists of superstition break away, becomes illustrious.

II. — THE ORIGIN OF THE HOWE MEETING.

In accordance with a desire deeply implanted in every breast to know our kindred and to be known of them, a meeting of some members of the Howe family was convened at 289 Washington Street, Boston, on the twenty-ninth day of March, 1871. The subject of holding a general meeting of the Howes, in America, was fully discussed, and it was finally determined that such a gathering would be one of unusual interest, both in a social and a moral point of view; that it was due to the good old friendly name of Howe to hold such a reunion, and that effective measures should be taken to provide for it.

The following account of this preliminary meeting was drawn up by Edward Howe,

Esq., of West Boylston, who died suddenly in April following, and was greatly lamented by a large circle of relatives and friends. Some account of his life will be found in the *Register of the Howe Family*.

In pursuance to a call for a meeting of the descendants of John, Abraham, Daniel and Edward Howe, issued by six of the descendants in the vicinity of Boston, there met at 289 Washington Street, Boston, about twenty of the family, and the following business was transacted:—

Mr. C. M. Howe, of Marlborough, opened the meeting by reading the call, which was as follows:

PERSONAL. HOWE FAMILY. The descendants of John, Abraham, Daniel and Edward Howe, of Watertown and Roxbury, afterward of Lynn, Sudbury and Marlboro' (who landed in this country about 1634), are invited to meet at A. M. Leland's Pianoforte Rooms, 289 Washington Street, Boston, on Wednesday, March 29, 1871, at 12 o'clock, M., to make arrangements for a family gathering and public celebration some time during the coming summer.

C. M. HOWE, Marlborough;
S. H. HOWE, Bolton;
B. L. HOWE, Groton Junction;
G. M. HOWE, Framingham;
ELIAS HOWE, Boston;
WILLARD HOWE, South Framingham.

Colonel Frank E. Howe, of New York, was chosen Chairman, and Edward Howe, of West Boylston, Secretary.

After several speeches from some of the gentlemen present, Mr. S. H. Howe, of Bolton, moved "That the sense of the meeting be taken whether we will have a celebration or not."

Voted, That we have a celebration.

Voted, That the Chairman appoint a Committee of three to nominate an Executive Committee of ten (10) to carry out the arrangement.

Colonel Howe appointed Messrs. S. H., C. M., and Willard Howe a Committee to nominate, who reported as follows, viz.:

Col. FRANK E. HOWE, New York;
S. H. HOWE, Bolton;
WILLARD HOWE, South Framingham;
ELIAS HOWE, Boston;
B. L. HOWE, Ayer;
ELBRIDGE HOWE, Marlborough;
A. L. HOWE, Dedham;
WILLIAM G. HOWE, Boston;

Dr. GEORGE M. HOWE, Framingham;
Rev. S. STORRS HOWE, Iowa City, Iowa.

This report was accepted and adopted.

Voted, That Harmony Grove, South Framingham, be the place for the celebration, and the time be left with the Executive Committee, with instructions that it be holden in June, or as soon after as possible.

Voted, That the Executive Committee take such steps as they deem necessary in carrying out the objects of this meeting.

Mr. Elias Howe, No. 103 Court Street, Boston, was chosen Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer.

Voted, The meeting do now adjourn subject to the call of the Executive Committee.

EDWARD HOWE, *Secretary*.

Names of the persons present at the first meeting, at 289 Washington Street, Boston, March 29, 1871:

C. M. HOWE, Marlborough;
WILLARD HOWE, South Framingham;
EDWARD HOWE, West Boylston;
SIDNEY HOWE, Marlborough;
ALBERT W. HOWE, Danvers;
ELBRIDGE HOWE, Marlborough;
S. H. HOWE, Bolton;
BENJAMIN L. HOWE, Ayer;
S. A. HOWE, 2d, Marlborough;
B. S. HOWE, Rowley;
ELBRIDGE HOWE, Natick;
Ruth E. HOWE, Rowley;
ELIAS HOWE, Cambridge;
ALLEN L. HOWE, Dedham;
FRANK E. HOWE, New York;
LINDSAY I. HOWE, New York;
WILLARD HOWE, Danvers, Mass.;
DAVID HOWE, 60 W. Cedar St., Boston.

III. — THE PLACE AND TIME OF THE GATHERING.

Thus, after careful deliberation, it was agreed to hold the meeting at Harmony Grove, South Framingham, and it was subsequently voted that it should take place on Thursday, the thirty-first day of August, 1871, and that the services should commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., of that day.

It was deemed advisable to hold the meeting at South Framingham, because it is near the early seat of one of the Howe families, because several lines of railroad intersect at this point, and because in itself the place is very beautiful, and affords accommodations for a multitude of people.

HARMONY GROVE has long been celebrated as a favorite spot for picnics, rural assemblies, *fetes champetres*, and open-air conventions. Nature and art combine to make it worthy of its wide-spread reputation.

"Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,
Hic nemus." — *Virg. Ec. x.*

The grove itself consists of several acres of tall, majestic pine, oak, maple and chest-

nut-trees, whose spreading branches form a dense and grateful shade.

The squirrel leaps from bough to bough; the song-birds fill the air with melody. A depression in the grove affords an amphitheatre in which a speaker's stand and seats for several thousand people have been erected. Near by there is a commodious hall for dancing. On the left of the main entrance to the grove, a green and level lawn spreads out for the erection of booths and tents, and for athletic sports and games, of such as may delight in them. On the west, a broad and placid lake extends to the distance of a mile or so for bathing and for boating; and beyond it rises old Mount Wait, renowned in Indian story; and still farther on are seen the verdure-covered hills and spires of Framingham.

The grove itself is beautiful; the surrounding country teems with charming villas, gentle knolls, and sunny glades, verdant meadows, orchards and gardens, forming landscapes which a Claude Lorraine might love to put on canvas. A spot more eligible for the meeting could not, probably, have been selected.

IV. — THE CIRCULAR OF INVITATION TO THE HOWE FAMILY.

As soon as the Committee had fixed upon the time, the place, and plan of the meeting, a circular was prepared making known the decision, and forwarded to as many as 5,000 of the members and connections of the Howe family. The directories and other works were consulted for the purpose of ascertaining the names and residences of the kindred, and letters solicited in reply. After describing the plan, the purpose, and the place of meeting, the circular presented this most cordial invitation to the festival:

"To this beautiful 'HARMONY GROVE' every person bearing the name of Howe, or How, as well as every one connected by ties of marriage with this family, or descended from this family, is most cordially invited for the purpose of spending the day above mentioned 'in union sweet and dear esteem,' of calling to mind the days of 'Auld Lang Syne,' and of telling one another how we love the good old family name of HOWE.

"Should any one possess any ancient records, portraits, or relics pertaining to the family, let him not fail to bring them for the 'Howe Cabinet,' to be exhibited on the occasion. It is the earnest desire of the Committee to extend an invitation to every member, connection, and descendant of the Howe family; but this is utterly impossible; therefore let every one who may receive this circular consider himself a Committee especially appointed to extend this invitation to every one who bears our name, or is in any way related to our family. The word is — FREE! Come one, come all! Bring those of your name and kindred with you!"

In answer to this Circular, many letters were received from all parts of the country, signifying either an intention or a desire to be present at the gathering; and sometimes containing photographs, genealogical, or personal items of great interest. A few of these letters we here present, together with several of the many received since the holding of the meeting.

V.

LETTERS RECEIVED IN RESPONSE TO THE INVITATION.

The following letter is from the Hon. Joseph Howe, in reply to one from Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, inviting him to be present and deliver an oration at the Howe Family Gathering:

OTTAWA, May 8, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR,—Few things would give me more pleasure than to attend the proposed gathering of the Howes, and I will come if I possibly can. At present I know of nothing to prevent me.

I do not know what to say about the Oration, but will think of it, and will let you know in time, should anything occur to prevent my attendance.

With kind regards to Mrs. Howe and all your circle,

Believe me, ever truly yours,
JOSEPH HOWE.

Dr. Howe, Boston.

The following characteristic letters are from the Hon. Timothy O. Howe, U. S. Senator, Wisconsin:

WASHINGTON, May 29, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have delayed answering your invitation to the Howe Gathering at South Framingham on the 22d proximo. I did hope I could accept it. I would be glad to see a gathering of the clans. I don't know but little about them. The only Howes I ever heard of, for whom I cherished a real admiration, were that Jemima Howe who was captured by the Indians, and that Samuel G. Howe who was captured by Julia Ward.

I admire Jemima because she escaped; and I admire Dr. Samuel G. because he didn't escape.

I suspect I ought to add to this number your namesake, who worked out the problem of the sewing-machine; but all forms of mechanism are such a profound mystery to me, that I never like to allude to the subject. I am always afraid of making some such mistake as an innocent townsman of my own made once when I was a child.

He saw an umbrella for the first time, and he timidly expressed a wish to have the proprietor "play a tune on it!"

But I regret to say I cannot come to Framingham next month. I have been kept here much longer than I expected. Engagements made long since in Wisconsin wait performance, and I must go there.

But I wish you the very jolliest of meetings. I hope you will discover that you are all brothers and sisters.

I beg you to remember that I claim you all for first cousins, and if any one disputes the claim let him disprove it if he can.

Very truly yours,
TIMOTHY O. HOWE.

Elias Howe, Esq.

GREEN BAY, Aug. 9, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR,—I shall not be able to meet with my cousins at Harmony Grove on the 31st.

There are several considerations which forbid it, the most peremptory of which are a State Convention, to assemble on the 30th; and a wedding in the

family of a brother, advertised for "about the 1st of September."

Thanking you for the compliment conveyed in your invitation, I am,

Very truly yours,
TIMOTHY O. HOWE.

Elias Howe, Esq.

The next letter is from John F. Howe, President of the Pin Manufacturing Co. of Birmingham, Ct. He was present with his family on the occasion.

BIRMINGHAM (DERBY), Ct., July 19, 1871.

ELIAS HOWE, Esq., Sec'y:

DEAR SIR,—Your circular addressed to the Howe Manuf'g Co. was duly received by me. I write this to request the favor of you to send one of them to my brother, "William Howe, North Salem, New York." It is our purpose to attend the Gathering unless prevented by circumstances which we cannot now foresee.

Respectfully yours,
JOHN F. HOWE.

In response to an invitation to be present, Mr. Henry W. Longfellow, the poet, sent the following note:

NAHANT, Aug. 26, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have this morning had the pleasure of receiving your very friendly and flattering letter, and hasten to thank you for your most kind invitation, which I am sorry to say it will not be in my power to accept. My engagements here render it impossible. I can only send you my thanks and regrets, and my best wishes for a pleasant day in the groves of Framingham.

I am, my dear sir, yours truly,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Elias Howe, Esq.

The letter below very pleasantly plays upon the name HOWE, and indicates the promptitude with which the Howes supply material for the "Register of the Howe Family." If every one will do the same, the work will soon be finished.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Aug. 26, 1871.

ELIAS HOWE, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—I regret exceedingly that I shall not be able to attend the gathering of the *Howe Family* next week. If an excuse were needed from so humble a member of the great family, I am sure that I should be more than forgiven, even commended, if it were known that my absence is due to an effort to add to the number, and the glory of this illustrious race of the inquisitive patronymie, which effort will *probably* be crowned with success about that time. May the interrogative branch of the human family (we monopolize this honor, for who ever heard of the *What* family, or the *When* or *Where* families?) have a jolly good time, and demonstrate to the world that they have been asking "How" to such a good purpose, that they are able to show all the other branches of the human family "How," better than anybody else. While your antiquaries will look after the "previous question," and these should be respectfully disposed of, yet let them not "move the previous question" to the exclusion of present and coming ones. I have sent a complete family record of my branch to my brother, who, after filling some blanks, will forward the same to you. Let me know of all that is done, so far as reported by the press, and assess me for expenses.

Long may these human interrogation points stand on the earth, and at the end may each prove that he has learned *How* to go up higher.

Yours fraternally,
E. FRANK HOWE.

It is hoped that the "six-foot sapling of twenty-four summers," who represents the family in the region of Petroleum, and writes

the following pleasant letter, has, by this time, "struck oil," and that he will be present, "clothed in the comeliness and vigor of connubial foliage," at the next Howe gathering.

TITUSVILLE, Pa., Aug. 28, 1871.

Col. FRANK E. HOWE, *Chairman*:

I beg leave to present my sincere regrets that the only male representative of the Howe family in the commercial capital of the oil region should be unable to participate in your happy reunion in Harmony Grove.

Howe it so happens may be easily explained. The only branch of the family tree that has extended itself to this locality, cannot put forth its *leaves*. It has neither bud nor blossoms, but stands a six-foot sapling of twenty-four summers, its tendrils of springing affection retarded by summer drouth. When the coming dews shall refresh it, and it shall be clothed in the comeliness and vigor of connubial foliage, putting forth twigs, boughs, and branches in emulation of its revered ancestry, its loftiest ambition will be gratified in transporting its trunks and limbs to every succeeding reunion of that celebrated and ubiquitous *Howe*-shold, which yet no man hath numbered. I remain yours respectfully,

WM. PARKER HOWE.

It was very gratifying to the Committee to receive the ensuing letter and its contents, evincing the liberality of the undersigned, as well as the interest manifested in the reunion:

LOWELL, Sept. 2, 1871.

ELIAS HOWE, Esq., 103 Court St., Boston:

DEAR SIR,—While enjoying the interesting exercises at the grand "reunion" on Thursday, the opportunity for me, and those who were with me, to contribute any funds to the treasury, passed by unheeded till it was too late.

I now enclose a check for twenty-three dollars, which I beg you to accept and appropriate towards paying the expenses of the first "Grand Howe Gathering."

Yours respectfully,

EDWARD B. HOWE.

Mrs. Sally Howe, \$5.; Mrs. Clara W. Harwood, \$5.; E. B. Howe, \$10.; Miss Aurelia L. Howe, \$1.; Miss Laura F. Howe, \$1.; Miss Martha W. Howe, \$1.

The following letter, from a member of the family in the far South-west, well expresses the interest which the Howes entertain for each other, and the records of their ancestry:

VICKSBURG, Miss., Sept. 14, 1871.

ELIAS HOWE, Esq.,

103 Court Street, Boston:

DEAR SIR,—I deeply regret my inability to be present at the Family Gathering, 31st ult. It was a very happy thought originating said reunion, and doubtless many things were seen, many words said, and agreeable persons collected together that will render the 31st of August, 1871, memorable in the annals of "The Howe Family." I know myself to be a lineal descendant of John Howe, of Marlborough, in the tenth generation. My father was Rev. Bezaleel Howe, and his father was named Timothy. Thus

far memory. The records of our family are with my oldest brother, B. F. Howe, Esq., of New York. I have lived in this place for the last thirty-three years; yet my love for family name and fame is as intense as ever, and the purity of my descent has ever been my pride.

I should be pleased to be furnished with any memorial of the occasion referred to that may be gotten up by the managers, or any medal that may be struck off commemorative of it, and with "The Genealogical Register" that is contemplated, or intended to be published. Any, or all of these sent by express, C. O. D., will be attended to.

Living at such a distance as I do, I have not been able to procure even a newspaper containing a full account of "The Gathering." Enclosed I send 50 cents to purchase for me such papers as you can procure for me, containing such proceedings.

Any other information you can give me on these points will be greatly appreciated, and will oblige

Your obedient servant,

R. D. HOWE.

The following letter exhibits the interest taken in the festival, and the generosity and liberality of all members of the Howe family throughout the country:

AKRON, Sept. 23, 1871.

ELIAS HOWE, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—Will you be kind enough to inform me if the proceedings of the "Howe Gathering" at Framingham will be published in any other form than that already furnished by the newspapers?

If such is the ease I would like a few copies, and also to become a subscriber to any fund necessary to defray any expense of that kind that has, or may, accrue.

I should have been present at the meeting, but was taken sick at Hartford, on my way there, and could not attend.

I do not know of any of *our* branch of the Howe family to have been present.

My great-grandfather was an early settler in St. Mary's County, Md. I can give a partial history of some of his descendants when it is necessary.

My father, Richard Howe (aged 72), would like very much to find out if any descendants are living of his uncles Richard and Joseph, who emigrated to Kentucky between the years 1800 and 1806, from Maryland.

Yours truly,

C. R. HOWE.

A vast number of letters has been received, and still they continue to come, in relation to the "Gathering." They contain, in many instances, genealogical information, which will prove of invaluable service to those engaged in preparing the "Register of the Howe Family." Several of them trace the descent back to the original settlers. One of them is from a descendant of Mrs. Jemima Howe, who was, with her children, taken captive by the Indians at Hinsdale, N. H., in 1755. All of them express a lively interest in the Howe Family Gathering. They form of themselves a valuable "Howe Library."

The letter of the Hon. Henry Wilson, U. S. Senator, which follows, will be read with great pleasure by every member of the Howe family, and especially the touching allusion, at the close, to the lovely and pious wife of the distinguished Senator.

NATICK, Mass., Oct. 7, 1871.

ELIAS HOWE, ESQ.:

MY DEAR SIR,—On my return from a brief visit to Europe, I found your pressing invitation to be present at, and participate in, the intended gathering of the Howe family at Framingham, in August. Such a gathering could not but be one of the deepest interest to all who bore that name, or were connected with it by kindred ties. I am glad to learn that the meeting was largely attended by persons of the family name and blood, from all sections of the country, and that the occasion was full of joyous associations and fond recollections. Absence, alone, from my native land, prevented my attendance. I regret, and shall long continue to regret, that I was not permitted on that occasion to mingle with those who bear the name of one endeared to me by the holiest and tenderest ties of earth—of one of the purest and loveliest spirits that ever blessed kindred and friends by her presence, or left, in passing through death to a higher life, more precious memories.*

Ever yours,

HENRY WILSON.

* The Hon. Henry Wilson was born in Farmington, N. H., Feb. 16, 1812; and was married to Miss Harriet M. Howe, of Natick, Oct. 28, 1840. She was the daughter of Amasa and Mary (Tombs) Howe, of Framingham, and died greatly lamented, in May, 1870.

Their only son, Lt.-Col. Henry Hamilton Wilson, born in Natick, Nov. 11, 1846, died at Austin, Texas, Dec. 24, 1866. Mrs. Wilson was a lady of unusual mental and personal attractions, blending grace with dignity in manner, and ornamenting, both in private and in public life, the doctrines of her Lord and Master. The following sketch, by Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames, will be read with interest:

"Within the last week the body of one has been

laid in her native earth, whose lovely presence will long be missed in Washington. Mrs. Wilson, the wife of Senator Wilson, went out from among us in the fair May days, and the places which have known her here so long and so pleasantly, will know her, save in memory, no more forever. She was a gentle, Christian woman. I have never yet found words rich enough to tell *all* that such a woman is. My pen lingers lovingly upon her name. I would fain say something of her who now lives beyond the meed of all human praise, that would make her example more beautiful and enduring to the living. For, in profounder intellectual development, resulting from wider culture and larger opportunity, are we in no danger of losing sight of those graces of the spirit, which, however exalted her fate, must remain to the end the supreme charm of woman? There is nothing in all the universe so sweet as a Christian woman; as she who has received into her heart, till it shines forth in her character and life, the love of the divine Master.

"Such a woman was Mrs. Wilson in this gay capital. When great sorrow fell upon her, and ceaseless suffering, the light from the heavenly places fell upon her face; with an angel patience, and a child-like smile, and an unflinching faith, she went down into the valley of shadows. She possessed a keen and wide intelligence. She was conversant with public questions, and interested in all those movements of the day in which her husband takes so prominent a part. Retiring by nature, she avoided instinctively all ostentatious display; but where help and encouragement was needed by another, the latent power of her character sprang into life, and then she proved herself equal to great executive effort. No one can praise her so eloquently as he who loved her and knew her best. To hear Senator Wilson speak of his wife when he taught her, a little girl in school; when he married her, 'the loveliest girl in all the county'; when he received into his heart the fragrance of her daily example; when he watched over her dying, only to marvel at the endurance and sweetness and sunshine of her patience, is to learn what a force for spiritual development, what a ceaseless inspiration, was this wife to her husband. Precious to those who live, is the legacy of such a life."

LETTER OF JAMES MURRAY HOWE.

I have been much gratified at having the opportunity to meet so many of the Howe family. When we New England families meet together after a separation of years, we generally give an account of what has occurred in the branches of the family to which we severally belong, and at this great gathering of all the Howes it seems proper that the several branches should report concerning their own immediate ancestry, and who they were, and what became of them. In accordance with this view I propose to give you a little sketch of my own immediate family. My grandfather was Dr. Estes Howe, who lived and died in Belchertown, Mass. He was a surgeon in the army, during the War of the Revolution, and served upon the staff of General Gates. After the war was over he established himself in Belchertown, and through a long life practised medicine in Belchertown and the neighboring towns. He had three

sons; William, Estes, and Samuel, all of whom became lawyers and judges in the States in which they resided. William in the State of Vermont, Estes in the State of New York, and Samuel, my father, in the State of Massachusetts. It is not common for three judges to come from one family, much less was it in former days, when the title of Judge conveyed to every man's mind the idea of integrity, uprightness, and justice. My father left six children; three sons and three daughters, four of whom are at Framingham to-day.

I am glad we have been so successful in gathering the Howes together, and hope at some future time we may have another meeting, doubting not that cousins Joseph of Halifax; Frank of New York, and Elias of Boston, will always be ready to resume the respective roles assumed by them to-day, so much to the gratification of all the Howes.

VI. DEATH OF A MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE.

While engaged in making preparations for the festival, the sad intelligence of the death of a respected member of the committee who had taken a lively interest and an active part in the proceedings, cast a shadow over every heart, and taught anew the lesson that our meetings here are but preparatory to the meetings in a lovelier land; and that what is to be done here must be quickly, nobly done. Mr. Benjamin L. Howe, of Ayer, Mass., died in that town on the twenty-fourth day of June, 1871, aged 55 years. He was a man of ability, possessing a cheerful temper of mind, and enjoying the confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens. He was, at the time of his decease, Deputy State Constable and Deputy Sheriff of Middlesex County, and one of the School Committee of the town in which he lived. His funeral was very largely attended, the cortege numbering over one hundred carriages. A more extended account of him will be given in the "Register of the Howe Family," now in course of preparation by Messrs. Nason, Trask and Temple.

VII. PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE MEETING.

In order to entertain the large Howe family and its connections physically, socially, and intellectually, the committee engaged Yale's mammoth tent, whose ample folds would cover at least eight thousand people, and a caterer, to provide therein a dinner for the company. Arrangements were made for special accommodations with the various railroads leading to the place of meeting. The Hon. Joseph Howe, Secretary of the Dominion of Canada, was engaged to deliver the principal oration of the day. Others were invited to make addresses and remarks appropriate to the Gathering. The services of Hall's celebrated band, augmented by the Metropolitan, were secured, and several original odes, adapted to some well-known airs, were composed by members of the family for the occasion. A Cabinet of Curiosities was formed, and blank-books prepared for registering names: swings, boats, balls, etc., were got in readiness for the amusement of the young.

A very beautiful badge of blue satin ribbon, bearing the Howe family coat-of-arms, with the words in gold, "HOWE FAMILY GATHERING, HARMONY GROVE, SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, AUGUST 31, 1871," was prepared, to be worn at the meeting, and to be preserved as a memento of the day; and an elaborate programme of the services of the day, with the words and music to be sung, was printed.

Only those experienced in such matters know what time, what forecast, and what outlay such arrangements call for, especially when the number of persons who will

share the entertainment is unknown. But in anticipation of a glorious gathering of the good old family of Howe, the work, with right good-will, was done.

VIII. LEVEE AT THE REVERE HOUSE.

As several distinguished members of the Howe family had arrived in Boston seasonably to attend the gathering, it was deemed advisable that a reunion, where they might become acquainted with each other, and perfect the arrangements for the ensuing day, should be held at the Revere House on the evening of the thirtieth day of August, and a notice to this effect was given in the public prints. Owing to a drenching rain, the number present was quite limited; yet the utmost harmony, cordiality, and good-will prevailed. The meeting was entirely informal, and, after mutual greetings, wit and wisdom flowed forth naturally from almost every tongue.

The Hon. Joseph Howe was full of sprightliness and mirth. Colonel Frank E. Howe — who is, by the by, quite courtly in his bearing — made many happy hits. Thos. P. Howe, Counsellor, of New York, recounted well the struggles of Elias Howe in bringing out his great invention; James Murray Howe, of Boston, and James Howe, President of the Eagle Lead Works, Brooklyn, N. Y., were full of good-humor. The Hon. William Wirt Howe, youthful in appearance for a judge, conversed quite eloquently, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, with her quick imagination, proved an even match for him.

"Do they make out these Smithsonian forecasts of the weather," she inquired, in reference to the rain then falling, "by mathematics or by guess?" "By guess, I think," returned the judge. "Oh, yes!" replied the poetess, "and that takes BRAIN!"

The Hon. H. S. Howe, of Bolton, entertained the guests in his usual happy manner, and at an early hour the company retired, all pleased, no doubt, with the new acquaintances they had formed, the agreeable tête-à-têtes they had enjoyed, and the hope of seeing the whole "Howe Clan" together in the morning.

IX. HARMONY GROVE ON THE MORNING OF THE GATHERING.

The sky, on the morning of the thirty-first of August, was overcast; but the clouds slowly rolled away, the sun shone forth in splendor, and there followed one of the clearest and serenest days of the whole season.

The heavy rains of the preceding evening had purified the atmosphere, and given it an exhilarating freshness, so that it was just a luxury to breathe and feel one's self alive upon that peerless day. The shower had cleansed the grove, and brightened every leaf and flower; and as the sunbeams fell

in golden flashes here and there through openings in the oak and chestnut-trees, the birds poured forth their sweetest carolings; the insects sparkled in the light, and renovated Nature seemed herself to extend a cordial welcome to the company. Over the main western entrance to the grove were inscribed, in bold red letters: "HOWE FAMILY GATHERING! WELCOME!"

On the green plateau beside the grove the mammoth tent, adorned with flags and streamers, made a fine appearance; near it stood another tent, large and commodious, bearing on its front "THE HOWE CABINET"; and close by still another tent, for the use of the Finance Committee. The speaker's stand was handsomely decorated with flowers, with flags of the United States and England, and in the front was the inscription, made in rubric, of the simple word — "HOWE!"

Blank-books were opened on a stand for registering the names of the family, and a large circular swing, nine-pins, and boats upon the lake, were in readiness for the amusement of the younger members of the family. Huge boxes of viands, fruits, etc., were continually arriving for the furnishing of the tables, which were already decorated with rich bouquets of flowers.

The dancing-hall was swept and garnished, and a restaurant near the entrance to the grove was well stored with ice-creams, pies and cakes, and tea and coffee, and the like, for the refreshment of the multitude.

X. THE GATHERING OF THE HOWE FAMILY.

At about nine o'clock in the morning the trains began to arrive from the different points of the compass, freighted with the members, male and female, old and young, of the Howe family. Some had come from the immediate neighborhood, Sudbury, Marlborough, Hudson, Lowell, Haverhill, Ipswich, Cambridge, Boston; some from Connecticut, Maine, New Hampshire; some from the distant cities and prairies of the West; some from southern climes; some from the British Provinces. Among them might be seen the sturdy yeoman, with his healthful wife and bright-eyed sons and daughters; the intelligent mechanic, with his well-dressed companion and the "baby"; the merchant, with his bland address; the minister of serious mien; the physician, lawyer, statesman; the old man, with his whitening locks, like Jacob, leaning on his staff; the maiden in her bloom and beauty; the laughing boy, the prattling child, led by its tender mother.* Reporters of the press

* The youngest person present was Everett Chase Howe, aged five months and four days, of Marlborough, and the oldest person there, bearing the Howe name, was Edward Howe, Esq., formerly a merchant of Portland, Me., born July 12, 1783, and consequently in his eighty-ninth year. He still writes a steady, clear, round hand, as his autograph in the Register of the day attests.

were present taking notes, and here and there were standing groups of interested spectators from the neighboring towns.

It was a beautiful and touching sight, the assembling of these people of a kindred blood from homes so distant and so varied, and as they met beneath the grateful shades of Harmony Grove, and interchanged congratulations on this delicious morning, light beaming in every eye, and joy in every heart, the universal sentiment appeared to be that the "good time" spoken of had actually come.

The ends of the earth seemed to meet together in this grand family gathering: A Howe from Canada shakes hands with one from Oregon; a missionary, Mrs. Benton, *nee* Howe, from Syria, salutes one of her kindred from the Sandwich Islands. All seemed to be well acquainted with each other. Inquiries for the absent ones pass from lip to lip; stories of the exploits and sufferings of ancestors are related; new relationships are discovered; pedigrees and matrimonial alliances traced out; personal incidents recounted; names and addresses interchanged; and the pleasure of the present meeting, and the hope of one to come, is everywhere expressed.

On every side the sounds arise: "How are you, cousin?" "How is your mother?" "Where do you now live?" "To which Howe family do you belong?" "Was your ancestor John or James, Edward or Abraham?" "Shall I introduce you to my brother, M. G. Howe?" "Whom did your sister Mary marry?" "Isn't this a splendid day?" "A grand good gathering?"

Yes, it *was* a grand good gathering! The hearts of the Howes were opened; the tenderest chords of feeling touched; the holier sentiments of the soul awakened; the golden ties of fraternity strengthened; and loftier aspirations entertained of adding *per virtutem* some fresh lustre to the good old surname HOWE.

Sometimes a life of years is most surprisingly compressed into a single day. So was it with some persons in that company. They met their kindred face to face; they saw themselves surrounded by a host of friends; they saw that heart responded unto heart, and eye to eye; they felt that they were not alone in this wide world; they gained new courage for the battle-fields of life; and thus in those brief, joyous hours of social converse, mutual congratulation and fraternal sympathy, they lived long years; and to them memory will revert with pleasure till the beating of the pulse shall cease. Even by an indifferent spectator, were any spectator cynical enough to be indifferent, such a scene of family affection and felicity can never be forgotten. The flowers themselves may fade and perish, but the aroma still remains.

As the crowd, now decorated with the beautiful badges in blue and gold, swelled

up to thousands* in the grove, it became a source of exquisite pleasure to look over it and trace the similarity, the family likeness, in the form and features of the people. Light complexions, long and oval faces, characterized by Roman noses, everywhere prevailed. Black eyes and hair were the exceptions. A peculiar pleasant Howe expression characterized almost every countenance, of which the face of the Hon. Joseph Howe might be taken as one, and that of Col. Frank E. Howe as another type. Even the intonations of the voice appeared to have a character peculiarly their own, which indicated unmistakably the Howe descent. The genealogist here could in a moment see that

“’Tis not all in bringing up”;

but still there’s something in the BLOOD.

Seldom has it been our privilege to look upon such a healthful, well-dressed, well-behaved and happy throng of people. We saw no dandies, loafers, shabby-genteel political brawlers; but every one seemed to have come here from a happy and well-ordered home. The Howes — and would that we were one of them — need surely never be ashamed to meet their kindred.

XI. EXERCISES AT THE GROVE.

As soon as the company was seated in the amphitheatre, the large and beautifully printed programme was distributed, a part of which we give below :

PROGRAMME.

1. PRAYER.
2. OPENING ADDRESS, by Col. Frank E. Howe, President of the Day, of New York.
3. SONG, words by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, of Boston.
4. ORATION, by the Hon. Joseph Howe, Secretary of State of the New Dominion.
5. SONG, words by Caroline Dana Howe, of Portland, Me.
6. ADDRESS, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.
7. MUSIC BY THE BAND.
8. ADDRESS, by the Hon. Wm. Wirt Howe, of New Orleans.
9. SONG, words by Mrs. Mary Howe Hinckley, of San Francisco.
10. OTHER SPEAKERS.
11. DINNER IN THE MAMMOTH TENT, at one o’clock, P. M.
12. AMUSEMENTS AND SPORTS, after 2.30 P. M.

The bands,† led by David Culver Hall,

*It is estimated that upwards of three thousand persons were on the grounds during the day. One reporter sets the number as high as thirty-five hundred. Among them we noticed one person deaf and dumb, who continually pointed up to heaven as the place for the final meeting.

†The combined bands consisted of Hall’s Brass Band, D. C. Hall, Leader, and the following select members: Rhodolph Hall, T. L. Allen, H. D. Brooks,

played, with great beauty and effect, for the welcome to the grounds, the “Wedding March” of Mendelssohn, which was followed by the overture of the “Poet and Peasant,” by Suppé; the beautiful air,

“Her bright smile haunts me still,”

and several other favorite pieces. Col. Frank E. Howe, President of the day, and other officers, then, at ten o’clock, ascended the platform, in company with the Hon. Joseph Howe, the orator, and Mrs. Powers, of Boston, together with the Hon. William Wirt Howe and family of Louisiana, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and other distinguished members of the Howe family.

Among those advanced in life we noticed the Rev. Moses Howe, of New Bedford; Mr. Edward Howe, of Portland, who took great interest in the festival, and Mrs. Amasa Howe, the mother of the late accomplished wife of Senator Wilson, now in Paris. Her eye still sparkles with the glow of youth, and her faculties are as yet unimpaired by age. Col. James Brown, of Framingham, almost ninety years of age, was still in good health, and seemed greatly to enjoy the festival.

Decorated as the stage was with flags and wreaths of flowers, touched now and then by some stray beam of sunshine stealing through the overarching oaks and pines, and containing, as it did, so many of the celebrities of the family in a single group, it drew and held, as if by fascination, every eye of the vast throng surrounding it. The following unique and congratulatory telegram now brought forth hearty cheers from the vast concourse :

“LAFAYETTE, IND., Aug. 31, 1871.

“To Col. Frank E. Howe, Harmony Grove :

“The undersigned, an infinitesimal portion of the Howe family residing out here in Hoosier land, sends his greetings, with the information that he first saw daylight under the shadow of old Moosilauk, N. H. At the age of seven he was removed to near the Hub, and educated to pulling waxed ends and pegging boots. At sixteen, he left the land of steady habits. Alone he paddled his own canoe to the valley of the Wabash, where he has resided for the last twenty-eight years. His better-half and children are present with you to-day. Long live the everlasting Howe family! May their number never grow less — including the Howe Sewing Machine.

“IRA G. HOWE.”

After this, the Rev. William A. Houghton,

W. A. Owen, W. E. Owen, D. H. Moore, G. H. Brown, H. French, S. K. Conant, A. P. Holden, J. M. Bullard; Metropolitan Brass Band, Arthur Hall, Leader, and the following select members: Charles H. Ball, J. Riley, I. H. Odell, G. W. Metcalf, J. W. Plummer, William Briggs, William Barker. E. N. Catlin, the talented leader of the orchestra at the Boston Museum; Wm. H. Whiddon, second leader, and O. A. Whitmore, solo clarionetist, of the St. James Theatre: together forming an array of musical talent unsurpassed.

of Berlin, addressed the throne of grace in an earnest and appropriate prayer, during which he rendered thanks for the beautiful day; for the social gathering; for mercies vouchsafed to the fathers of the family; for the honorable record which they bore. He implored the divine blessing upon the children here and those absent, upon the speaker of the day, and the nation which he repre-

sents; also upon the land of our birth; and he prayed that the smile of God might continue to rest upon us and our children, until gathered to the first-born in heaven.

At the conclusion of the prayer, Col. Frank E. Howe, of New York, rose, and gracefully addressed the audience as follows:

INTRODUCTORY AND CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS

BY

COL. FRANK E. HOWE.

Kinsfolk and Friends:

Beckoned by shadowy hands, a family numbering thousands comes to circle a hearth to-day; bending their steps back to the roof-tree again, come kinsmen who have cast out their fortunes over a continent — some of them treading easily upon the eminences of a realm on which, it has been said, the sun never sets.

Pilgrims to the shrine of home, you have left life's din for a day, to freshen fading memories, to grasp hands with hearts in them, to know each other better, and to brighten and strengthen the links of that chain which binds you together. It is my privilege, uttering the voice of all, to pronounce the salutation and welcome of all to all. It will be fitting in me to claim only a little space of your time, making way for others who have added lustre to our name. My discourse shall be mainly brilliant flashes of silence. Horne Tooke told the judge that the business of the Court was not to talk, but to help the crier keep order; and no doubt a presiding officer should be as silent as a judge — perhaps he should be as sober, too. My brief words to you cannot be all of mirth and gladness; something subdued hushes merriment. A gladness that is not gay issues from these scenes and memories. We meet each other and the cheek puts on a smile, a smile that comes from the heart; but sighs and sadness come also, because of

“The graves that have grown green,
And the locks that have grown grey!”

Many are here — the good, the gifted, and the true — many whom Heaven has crowned with graces and with genius, many whom Earth has crowned with honors and riches and attainments; but still solitude and loneliness enter these precincts; some are not here, their places are vacant, and they will not return again to us.

“Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.”

The sentiment of such a reunion is no mere holiday affair; it is deeper, more sacred and tender. Attachment to the soil holding the ashes of their fathers, fondness for the scenes and the associations of their childhood, affection for the localities identified with their ancestors, have, in all ages and climes, been characteristics of mankind. The feeling hardly stops with humanity. Throughout animated nature, some such instinct seems to prevail — it is not ancestral pride alone, but a longing to go back to the places, the visions, and the things of infancy and early home. The Romans brought beasts of the field and fowls of the air from many distant regions, and brought with each a measure of its parent soil; and it was one of Rome's traditions, that when placed in the amphitheatre, these mute and exiled captives sought each its handful of native land.

Even inanimate creation seems to share this human yearning, and things that have no sense or touch or motion cling to the memories of birth and to the associations of childhood. Weird symbols of this human longing are strewn on Time's banks and shoals — trees sometimes will bend all their branches back to earth; and the little sea-shell, carried far away from its ocean home, still ever murmurs of the billows and the storm. All these things unite in the thoughts, emotions, and mysteries of this filial and fraternal day.

How diverse in character and lot are those I see around me! How fate has made us all unlike, and divorced and exiled far and wide the descendants of a single parentage! Distinct, like the waves, to-day, at least, we are one, like the sea.

Of those who wore the name before us, and inscribed it on the roll of useful and remembered names, I would gladly speak, but this grateful task belongs of right to others, and I forbear. All that language need do will be done to remind us of their trials and their labors, and to inspire us

with emulation of the patriotism and the virtues which adorned their lives.

We are here for hardly more than one little hour — like him of old wrestling with the angel, let us hold it fast, nor let it go till it blesses us, and leaves fond and fragrant memories to abide with us, and bring us back again and again in after years, to lay new offerings upon our ancestral shrine.

Col. Howe's address was delivered in a clear and distinct voice, and was warmly applauded during the delivery, and at the close.

The audience then most heartily joined in the following admirable song of welcome, written by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and adapted to the familiar tune of "Home, Sweet Home." [See next page.]

At the close of this song the President introduced to the audience, in the ensuing very neat and felicitous speech, the Hon. Joseph Howe, as the orator of the day:

"I shall have the pleasure to present to you, in a moment, one who, before he utters a word, expresses a thought, and whose mute presence only would herald an idea hopeful to all the nations of the earth. England's ensign and the flag of stars stream over us together — symbols of a world-wide sway, they canopy this platform with an archway of unity as unbroken as the sky that bends above us. These pen-

nants personify two great nationalities; these blended colors, those who sit beneath them, the spectacle on which we gaze, the very rites we pay — all are emblems of an era in the civilization of the world. The two English-speaking nations have consecrated the year 1871 to fraternity and internationality. America and Great Britain have made this an epoch of Anglo-Saxon brotherhood.

"Our distinguished kinsman is here in double friendship. Enjoying the confidence, and wearing the honors of his sovereign, he comes to us; we twine our flag with his, and hail him for the lineage he bears, for the name he honors, and also as the harbinger of international reconciliation, of peace on earth, good will toward men.

"I present to you the Hon. Joseph Howe, some time of Canada, in the New Dominion, but just now of Massachusetts, in New England."

The orator rose amid the continued acclamations of the assembly. He is a well-built, solid man, of something more than sixty years, with a frank, open, good-natured expression of countenance, an earnest, searching voice, and an English manner of address. His eloquent words were listened to with profound attention, and they elicited frequent expressions of applause.

SONG OF WELCOME.

Sung at the Howe Family Gathering and Celebration, Harmony Grove, South Framingham, Mass.
Aug. 31st, 1871.

Composed expressly for the occasion, by Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE. Music, "Home, Sweet Home,"

Moderato.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a *dim.* marking later in the system. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

1. The year that flings her blossoms wide As spendthrifts cast their gold, Collects her ripened

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment with the lyrics: "1. The year that flings her blossoms wide As spendthrifts cast their gold, Collects her ripened".

fruit with pride, From summer's fiery mould. The winged seeds are carried far On

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment with the lyrics: "fruit with pride, From summer's fiery mould. The winged seeds are carried far On".

their mysterious way; This shoots beneath the polar star, This 'neath the tropic ray.

The fourth system concludes the main melody with the lyrics: "their mysterious way; This shoots beneath the polar star, This 'neath the tropic ray." and includes a *D. C. Sym.* marking.

- 2 Even thus the souls of humankind
On Will's strong currents fly,
And their appointed limit find,
To fall, and fructify.
But Love has blown his blast to-day
Beneath the glittering dome,
That we should feel within his sway,
The deathless joy of home.
- 3 And this one comes from desert wastes,
And this from sunny isles,
And this one, crowned with sorrows, hastes,
And this one crowned with smiles.

- Blest was the freedom that enlarged
Our youth's unfolding powers,
The daring impulse that surcharged,
With life, our pilgrim hours.
- 4 But happier yet the sacred bond
That doth our presence claim,
That conjures memories full and fond
With one ancestral name.
Freedom and love are welded both
In ties of kindred blood;
So let us, thankful, pledge our troth
To human brotherhood

ORATION

OF

HON. JOSEPH HOWE,

Secretary of State of the Dominion of Canada.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

To be invited to address such an audience as this, in the centre of intellectual New England, I regard as a great distinction. Yet the position has its drawbacks. The committee have announced an "Oration"; but a simple and good-humored introduction to the business of the day is all that I shall attempt. If disposed to be more ambitious, and to try a bolder flight, I should be afraid to risk comparisons that you would not fail to institute, and which I am not vain enough to challenge. You have not forgotten the stately and nervous arguments of Webster, or the polished elocution and silvery voice of Everett; and though those masters of the art have passed away, you can still sit at the feet of Emerson, listen to the fiery declamation of Phillips, wonder at Lowell's marvellous felicity of phrase and luxuriance of illustration, and fold to your hearts, with a love akin to worship, our good friend Oliver Wendell Holmes. Let us thank God for these great lights, which have diffused, or are still shedding their radiance over the industrial and intellectual life of a great nation; but this is a family party, and as a member of the family, I throw myself upon your indulgence. We are here not to make a parade of our eloquence, if we have any, but to spend a day in holy brotherhood and sweet communion.

Drawn from many States and Provinces, but springing from a common stock, we meet for peaceful and legitimate purposes, to grasp each other's hands, to look into each other's faces, to study each other's forms, and to mark how the fine original structure of the race has borne change of aliment, diversity of climate, and the wear and tear of sedentary or active life, amidst the rapid mental and bodily movement of the fast age in which we live.

These family gatherings were, I believe, first suggested in New England, and their success is to be traced to the natural outcrop of feelings that are very rational. A wise nation preserves its records, gathers up its muniments, decorates the tombs of its illustrious dead, repairs its great public

structures, and fosters national pride and love of country, by perpetual references to the sacrifices and glories of the past. But, divide the nation by households, and under every roof you will find, let national pride be ever so strong, that family pride, the interest in the narrower circle that bears a common name, is quite as active. Our literature is filled with types of the septs, and clans, and families into which the wide world is divided, and who cling to their old recollections and traditions with marvellous tenacity.

In the British Islands this family sentiment finds vent, and expands itself with great luxuriance and grace, under the shelter of the law of primogeniture. Emerson, in his delightful book on England, tells us that there are "three hundred palaces" scattered all over the face of that country. A great many of these are comparatively modern structures, reared by the merchant princes and great manufacturers of England, who, in comparatively modern times, have been enriched by the abounding commerce and restless industry of a great and prosperous empire.

But by far the larger number are the growth of centuries; "the stately homes of England," where her historic families, many of them older than the Conquest, store up and preserve all that can illustrate the brilliant and heroic qualities of the race, and prompt to the highest order of emulation. Many of these old structures, such as Warwick Castle, the stronghold of the king-maker, and Alnwick, the seat of "the stout Earls of Northumberland," though converted into luxurious modern residences, and embellished with all that high art in these recent times can furnish, occupy the commanding sites which made them formidable centuries ago, and wear the outward semblance of strong mediæval fortresses, from which a stone has scarcely been removed. In many other cases the stern front of war has been softened and toned down by the gradual process of decay, the luxuriance of vegetation, or by improvements, which have placed modern structures, of vast proportions, upon the old feudal sites, replete with

every convenience for ease and comfort, which, from the thickness of the walls, and the defensive character of the design, could not always be commanded in the old feudal castles.

But whether the style of the structure be ancient or modern, it is surrounded by an estate, which, from generation to generation, has belonged to one family, — been known by one name, — and the house, whatever the style of architecture may be, is filled with all that can illustrate the manhood and the intellectual vigor of that family, from its rise, amidst the convulsions of some shadowy by-gone age, down to the hour in which, with mingled wonder and admiration, we survey the marvellous results of a system not recognized by the institutions under which we live.

That those families should desire to preserve their estates intact, and gather around them the evidences of their antiquity and achievements, is not at all surprising, when we reflect that a very large proportion of them are inseparably interwoven with the great events which have made the history of their country memorable; and the valuable services rendered to the nation by many of these families, not only throw around their country seats and personal relics an indescribable charm, but give them a strong hold on the affections of the people.

A Stanley won the field of Flodden. One of the Talbots, who led the English forces in France, and fought against Joan of Arc, was the victor in forty-seven battles and dangerous skirmishes. The Pereys have seven times driven back the tide of foreign invasion, and for eight hundred years have stood in the front of resistance to regal tyranny: and, say the writers from whom I quote,* “One Russell has staked his head for the Protestant faith; a second the family estates in successful resistance to a despot; a third has died on the scaffold for the liberties of Englishmen; a fourth has aided materially in the revolution which substituted law for the will of the sovereigns; a fifth spent his life in resisting the attempt of the House of Brunswick to rebuild the power of the throne, and gave one of the first examples of just religious government in Ireland; and a sixth organized and carried through a bloodless but complete transfer of power from his own order to the middle classes.”

These are eminent services, and we cannot wonder that the family seats, where such men were bred, are religiously preserved by their descendants, and regarded with deep interest by the nation.

There is no name more familiar to Americans than that of Lord North, who, under George the Third, conducted, for many years, the disastrous war which was only closed by the establishment of the indepen-

dence of these United States. How few of all the able and distinguished men, who, on your side, led in that great struggle, have left behind them homes that have been preserved, properties still undivided, or common centres, where their pictures, books, and family muniments have been treasured up, to keep alive for succeeding generations the memory of their martial or diplomatic achievements! By the personal exertions of Everett, Mount Vernon has been preserved; and, to their honor be it spoken, the Adams family, by a rare exhibition of hereditary qualities, have held their property and maintained their positions in the highest circles of political and social elevation. But nearly all the others, though honorably known to history, have passed away, and have left no property to embellish the scenery, no rallying-places for their descendants, no familiar evidences of their existence.

In the heart of Oxfordshire stands Wroxton Abbey, the seat of the Norths. It is an old ecclesiastical structure, turned into a modern residence of surpassing beauty, where all that is antique is preserved with religious care, and gracefully interwoven with whatever can administer to refined luxury and convenience. It is surrounded by forty thousand acres of the best land in England. The outlying farms are cultivated by a prosperous tenantry, whose families have occupied the same lands for centuries, many of whom keep hunters worth five hundred guineas, and pay a thousand sovereigns a year of annual rent. Ancestral trees, older than the Abbey, fling their shadows down upon sinuous walks and carriage-drives that appear almost endless; whilst every window in the house looks out upon verdant lawns, well-kept gardens, or clumps of tree-roses, interspersed with masses of evergreens, the preservation of which is so much favored by the moist climate of England.

The Baroness North, granddaughter of Lord North of the Revolutionary War, and her husband, Colonel North, reside on this beautiful estate; and while distinguished for the largeness of heart and great hospitality which become their stations, are not unmindful of the hereditary obligation which devolves upon them to treasure, to enlarge, and to transmit to their descendants, all that can illustrate the daily life, the personal traits, or the distinguished services of the house to which they belong, in all its branches.

You are aware that the family of the Norths was interwoven with the Guildfords and Greys. The hundred rooms and long corridors of Wroxton tell the family story, from its foundation in 1496 to the present hour. Beautiful women, in the costume of the period in which they flourished — children of all ages — eminent Lawyers, Privy Councillors, Soldiers, Ambassadors, and Judges, line the walls of every staircase and of every room.

* Sanford and Townshend's Governing Families of England.

Many of these pictures are valuable as works of art, but their chief value is in the record they supply of forms long passed away — of features that cannot be reproduced, and for the facilities they afford to every rising generation to study and transmit the family story, by the aid of authentic materials, which in our countries, and under our systems, we can very rarely supply.

Two or three rooms in this old house deeply interested me. One was Lord North's Library, in which every book that he had ever owned or handled has been preserved. Though unsuccessful as a War Minister, he was a scholar and a wit, and many of the volumes are rare editions, or presentation copies, enriched by autographs or annotations.

A small room, opening from the library, was Lord North's study. A very remarkable likeness of him overhangs and looks down on the table at which he wrote his despatches. The inkstand, and I might almost add the pens, with which they were written, have been preserved.

A bed-room in this fine old edifice interested me even more deeply. I slept one night in it without knowing to whom it had belonged. It was a stately chamber, hung with arras, greatly faded, with quaint old andirons in an open fireplace, a low bedstead with high posts; and all the furniture, though admirably preserved, bearing the unmistakable impress of antiquity. To my great surprise I was told, on coming down to breakfast on the following morning, that I had occupied the apartment of Lady Jane Grey, and slept in her bed, nothing having been changed in the room, since her death, but the bed-linen, which had worn out. I am not quite sure that I ever slept so soundly in the same apartment a second night as I did the first. Visions of the beautiful martyr to misplaced ambition seemed ever flitting round me, and I sometimes fancied that the grim headsman, with his axe, was lingering in the long shadows flung out by the massive walls.

A volume might be written descriptive of the beauties of Wroxton, and of the treasures of art and of biography which it contains, and yet it is a comparatively modern edifice, nor do the Norths trace back their lineage nearly so far as many of the great historic families of England.

But I have taken this single house to show you how strong is the family sentiment in our mother country, and to answer, in advance, those who would smile at our humble endeavors to engraft upon our democratic institutions some graceful forms of development for a yearning that is universal, and for the outcrop of feelings as old as history.

Neither in the United States, nor in Canada, is any provision made for this development. By our old laws two-thirds of the real estate were given to the eldest son; but modern legislation has swept this provision away, and property is now equally divided

in all our States and Provinces. The universal feeling sustains this condition of the law; entails are discouraged, and fortunes are earned only to be distributed, often with a rapidity that far outruns the process of accumulation. A spendthrift is too apt to follow a miser, and the thriftless, bred in luxurious homes, often seem to have come into the world for no other purpose than to scatter what the industrious have earned, and to disperse, without a thought of name or race, all that their fathers prized, and in which their descendants, if not below the ordinary scale of humanity, would be sure to take an interest.

The democratic system, which prevails all over this continent, cannot be changed. It has its advantages, and the evils arising from the law of primogeniture cannot be veiled, even by the graceful surroundings to which I have referred; and the practical question which we have met here to endeavor to solve is this: Can we, without disturbing the law, or disregarding the common sentiment of the continent, keep alive our family name — trace back our family story, and, while dividing our property among our children, divide with them also all that we have been able to learn, to authenticate, and to transmit, of the family from which they have sprung?

May we not do more? May we not so pass this day as to make it a festival in the finest sense of the term — to the repetition of which the thousands who bear our name will look forward with intense delight?

In England, the Howes have lived and flourished for centuries. The Howe banner hangs as high, in Henry VII.'s chapel, as any other evidence of honorable service, and the battle of the first of June will be remembered so long as the naval annals of England last. In the old French wars, for the possession of this continent, one Howe fell at Ticonderoga, and another was killed on the Nova Scotia frontier. In the Revolutionary War, the Howes were not fortunate. I have heard my father describe Sir William, as he saw him leading up the British forces at the battle of Bunker Hill, with the bullets flying like hail around him. But I am apprehensive that in that old war God was not "on the side of the strongest columns," and that the time had arrived when the peopling and development of a continent could not be postponed by the agencies of fleets and armies.

The Howes, who have been ennobled, trace their family back to the reign of Henry VIII., and seem to have held estates in Somersetshire, Gloucester, Wiltshire, Nottingham, and Fermanagh, in Ireland. Jack Howe, as he was familiarly called, who was a member of Parliament in the reigns of William and Anne, was a fluent speaker, and, like a good many other people in those days, had a great dislike to standing armies. His son, who sat for Nottingham in the Convention Parliament, was one of those who

established the liberties of England, in 1688.

But many branches of the family are scattered all about England. I found three Howes, bearing my own family Christian names, lying side by side in the churchyard at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, and I learned that in the western end of the Island a family of honest farmers, who are all Howes, have been living there on the same land, beyond the memory of man.

I found three others, all males, lying just inside the graveyard at Berwick-on-Tweed. I could not hear of any Howes in the neighborhood, and I took it for granted that they must have been killed in some old border fight, which is not at all improbable if they came from the south side of the stream.

But, passing over the nobles and the plebeians of England, I must confess that there is one Howe of whom we may all be proud. This is John Howe, who was Chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, and whose fine form and noble features are preserved in some of the old engravings. He must have been an eloquent preacher, for he won his place by a sermon which the Protector happened to hear. That he was a fine scholar and learned theologian is proved by the body of divinity, written in classic English, which he has left behind him. That he was a noble man is proved, also, by a single anecdote which is preserved to us. On one occasion he was soliciting aid or patronage for some person whom he thought deserving, when Cromwell turned sharply round, and, by a single question, let a flood of light in upon the disinterestedness and amiability of his character, which will illuminate it in all time to come. "John," said the Protector, "you are always asking something for some poor fellow; why do you never ask anything for yourself?" My father's name was John, and I have often tried to trace him back to this good Christian, whose character in many points his own so much resembled. I may hazard one observation, before passing from the English Howes, and it is this: that the present possessor of the peerage had better bestir himself, and do something to add lustre to his coronet, or else we Howes in America will begin to think it has dropped on an inactive brain. He fights no battles, he writes no books, he makes no speeches, and, although I believe he is a very amiable person, and was a great friend of the late Queen Dowager, I beg to enter my protest against the apparent want of patriotism, or mental activity, which this very supine recipient of hereditary rank seems to display.

But, passing over the Howes who have figured, or still dwell, on the other side of the Atlantic, I take it for granted that the whole of this vast audience are descended from those who settled in New England between 1630 and 1657. It would appear, by the circular kindly sent to me by your secretary, that there were seven of these, although my father used to tell me that there were but

four. Two of them, Joseph, of Boston, and Abraham, of Watertown, may have been sons of some of the others, if they married early, which is probable; but I take the list as I find it, and to me it is full of interest. What was the Old World about when these men came to America? Why did they come? are questions that naturally occur to us. In 1629, Charles I. dissolved his Parliament, and no other was called in England till the Long Parliament met in 1640. During the eleven years which intervened, we all know what was going on in England. Laud was Archbishop of Canterbury, Strafford was first Minister, and that hopeful experiment was being tried of ruling without Parliaments, which ended in the wreck and ruin of the monarchy. Within these eleven years five of the seven Howes were settled in New England, and the reasonable presumption is that they found old England too hot for them.

They had no fancy for paying ship-money on compulsion, for having their ears cropped, or for standing in the pillory for the free expression of opinions; and, perhaps foreseeing what was coming, they accomplished what it is said Cromwell, Hampden, and others at one time meditated, and reached America before the Civil War began. The earlier battles of Worcester and Edgehill were fought in 1642, and before this five of the Howes had made good their lodgement in America. If the two who date from 1652 and 1657 were not born in this country, they may have taken the field; but of the fact we have no authentic record.

It is enough for us to know that these ancestors of ours were God-fearing, worthy men, sprung from the sturdy middle class of English civic and rural life, who left their native country not because they did not love it, but because they could not stay there without mean compliance and tame submission to usurped authority. We would perhaps have been just as well pleased had they remained behind, and struck a few manful blows for the liberties of England; but we must accept the record as we find it, with this source of consolation, that no brother's blood was upon their hands when they landed in America. That they were men of worth and intelligence there is proof enough. They were freemen and proprietors in the townships where they settled; selectmen, representatives, officers; Indian commissioners, and seem to have brought from the old country, in fair measure, the common sense, industry, and thrift so much needed by the emigrant. That they were men of fine proportions and of sound constitutions, I may infer from the audience before me, and from the fact, which your secretary has recorded, that five of these old worthies left forty-four children behind them. That those "forefathers of our hamlets" set us a good example, their simple records prove. That the Howe women have been fruitful, and the men vigorous, is consistent with all I know of their descend-

ants on this continent and this vast audience, where forms of manly beauty and female loveliness abound, shows me that in physical proportions and feminine attraction the race has been well preserved. But in these sound bodies are there sound minds? What of the intellectual qualities and mental development of the family? Have our women been born "to suckle fools, and chronicle small beer"? Have the men displayed the energy and capacity for affairs demanded of them by the free and rapidly expanding communities in which they lived? It is only by the mutual interchange of fact and thought, at such a gathering as this, that we can answer these questions to our own satisfaction. But if I were challenged by the transatlantic branches of the family to bear testimony upon these points, I think, even with my limited knowledge of your country, I could produce a group of eloquent senators, eminent soldiers, distinguished philanthropists, and successful business men, to prove conclusively that, in these United States, the race has not declined.

In turning to the Provinces it must be borne in mind that but one of all the Howes in these States took the British side in the Revolutionary War. Of my father I spoke, some years ago, at Faneuil Hall; and my good friend Lorenzo Sabine (one of the best writers and most accomplished statesmen produced in the Eastern States) has kindly embodied what was said in the second edition of his "Lives of the Loyalists," to which I must refer those who take interest in the British-American branch of the family. To-day I have leisure to say only this: that if it be permitted to the saints in Heaven to revisit the scenes they loved, and to hover over the innocent reunions of their kindred, my father's spirit will be here, gratified to see that the family, divided by the Revolution, is again united, and that his son, to use the language which Burns puts into the mouth of the peasant woman in his "Cotter's Saturday Night," is "respected like the lave."

Of the past history of the family, on both sides of the Atlantic, we may be justly proud. That the present is full of hope and promise this great festival assures us. For the future I have no fears. We meet to gather up the fragmentary biographies of the family, and to encourage each other in well-doing that the family may not decline. By honest industry and manly exercises we must see to it that the race is well preserved, and by careful cultivation that the brain is well developed. Savage, in his Genealogical Dictionary, tells us that seven of the Howes, prior to 1834, had graduated at Harvard University, and twenty-three at other colleges in New England. Nearly all the Howes that I have ever known were dear lovers of books, and reasonably intelligent. To keep abreast with the active intellect of the age we must be students still. We inherit a rich and noble language. We are

the "heirs," says Professor Greenwood, "of all the ages in the foremost files of time." "Knowledge," Disraeli tells us, "is like the mystic ladder in the Patriarch's dream. Its base rests on the primeval earth — its crest is lost in the shadowy splendor of the empyrean; while the great authors, who, for traditional ages, have held the chain of science and philosophy, of poesy and erudition, are the angels ascending and descending the sacred scale, and maintaining, as it were, the communication between man and Heaven."

But we must not be mere students. This is not an age wherein people should be content to see visions and dream dreams. The work of the world is before us; and on this continent there is work enough and to spare for centuries to come. We must do our share of it, and the family will be judged by the style and manner in which it is done. The Scotch have a familiar phrase: "Put a stout heart to a stiff brae"; and Goethe tells us: "All I had to do I have done in kingly fashion. I let tongues wag. What I saw to be the right thing that I did." May your hearts be "stout" when the "braes" are "stiff." Let the world take note of you that you are good husbands, good fathers, good citizens, and true and honorable men; that your descendants may come up here to Framingham, looking back at this festival as though, from its fruits, it were worth a repetition; and come, not to glorify a mere name that has no significance, but to see that an honorable name which they inherit is kept untarnished, and transmitted with new lustre to their children.

But let us hope that these family meetings may be made to subserve a higher purpose than the mere renewal of broken ties of relationship in limited circles. May they not embrace a wider range, ascend to a higher elevation, and have a tendency to draw together, not only single families, but that great family that the unhappy events which led to the Revolutionary War divided into three branches? Germany had its Seven Years' War, and its Thirty Years' War, to say nothing of centuries of rivalries and divisions, and yet a common sentiment, "the Fatherland," is rapidly uniting all who speak its language, love its literature, and are proud of its martial achievements. The Civil Wars of France have been endless, and yet the common ties of literature and language, however rudely those of brotherhood are broken at times, draw the whole people together; and though kings and emperors, republics and communes, pass away, under them all the common sentiment is, "Vive la France!" and this is the cry of a united people, when each system in its turn has been overthrown.

Great Britain and the United States have had eleven years of war, eight at the Revolution, and three in the foolish struggle which lasted from 1812 to 1815. What are eleven years in history? Your own Civil War

lasted nearly four, and more men were killed in it than Great Britain and the United States could ever put into the field in those old contests, which sensible men everywhere remember only to regret. You hope to be, and I trust the hope may be realized, a united people. Why should not the three great branches of the British family unite, our old wars and divisions to the contrary notwithstanding? This is "a consummation devoutly to be wished." Ocean steamers, railroads, cheap postage, and telegraphs, make a union possible; and gatherings such as this may hasten on the time, when, living under different forms of government, and each loyal to the institutions it prefers, the three great branches of the British family may not only live in perpetual amity, but combine to develop free institutions everywhere, and to keep the peace of the world.

Such a union, to be permanent, must be based on mutual respect, and on a just appreciation of the position and resources of each branch of the Great Family. The marvellous growth and vast resources of these United States are frankly acknowledged by every rational English and British-American man that I know. That your country contains nearly forty millions of people, as intelligent, industrious, inventive, and martial, as any other equal number on the face of the earth, we frankly admit; but I am often amused at the style of exaggeration adopted in this country, and at the mode in which we Britishers are talked of on platforms, and in circles not over well-informed. Four millions of freemen on the other side of the line, who govern themselves, and who can change their rulers when Parliament sits, any night of the year, by a simple resolution — who could declare their independence to-morrow, or join these United States, if so inclined — are often spoken of as serfs and bondmen, because they do not care to rupture old relations, and go in search of political guaranties, which, by their own firmness and practical sagacity, they have already secured. That we are not laggards and idlers over the border, may be gathered from the growth of our cities, and from the rapid development of our industry in all its branches. Though but a handful of people commenced to clear up our country at the close of the Revolutionary War, we have already a population more numerous than Scotland, and have peacefully organized into provinces a territory more extensive than the United States, larger than the whole Empire of Brazil; the volume of our trade has increased to \$120,000,000; and the mercantile marine of the Northern Provinces places them in the rank of the fourth maritime country in the world. My own native Province, I am proud to say, takes the lead in this honorable form of enterprise. Nova Scotia owns more than a ton of shipping for every man, woman, and child on her soil. The babe that was born

yesterday is represented by a ton of shipping that was built before it was born.

But are the British Islands so decrepit and effete as we sometimes hear in this country? Is the empire which is sustained by the two other branches of the family, unworthy of the friendship of these United States? Would it not bring its share of everything that constitutes national greatness into the union of which I have spoken? Republican America, impoverished by the war of Independence, loaded with debt, having a great country to explore, finances to reorganize, institutions to consolidate, and a navy to create, has done her work in the face of the world in a manner that challenges its respect and admiration. Her contributions to literature, her able judges, sagacious statesmen, eloquent orators, acute diplomatists, and eminent soldiers and sailors, have won for her a place in civilization and history, which all British Americans and Englishmen proudly acknowledge. You are "bone of our bone," and as one of your Commodores exclaimed, when lending a helping hand to Englishmen in the Chinese rivers, "blood is thicker than water"; and the laurels you win, and the triumphs you achieve, even at our expense, but illustrate the versatility and vigor of the life-currents which we share.

Now let us see what the elder branch of the family has been about for the last eighty years, and whether, as we approach the fountain-head, the stream shows less animation. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, all London was built of wood, and thirty years after the Howes settled in New England, four hundred streets and thirteen thousand houses were consumed in the great fire. In 1783, the population did not exceed six hundred thousand, and the docks were not yet constructed. By the time I saw London first, in 1839, the population had increased to a million and a half; but within the last third of a century the numbers have swelled to about four millions, so that the metropolis of our empire is nearly as large as the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, Baltimore, Boston, Cincinnati, New Orleans, San Francisco, and Buffalo, all put together.

At the close of the Revolutionary War, the British Empire was assumed to be on the decline. Thirteen noble provinces had just been lost. She had been humiliated by land and sea. Her power on the American Continent had been shaken to its foundations. Her great rival had defeated and triumphed over her; and, with her capital imperilled by mobs, and her treasury loaded down with debt, she had but a grim outlook for the future, at that disastrous period. But the people around the old homestead were not discouraged. The brain-power was not exhausted, nor the physical forces spent. They went on thinking, working, and fighting, as though, like Antæus, they gathered strength from their fall; and now, at the end of four-fifths of a century, let us

see what they have accomplished. On this continent, profiting by the lessons of the past, and learning the science of colonial government, they have planted and fostered great provinces as populous as those they lost. They have explored and planted Australia and New Zealand, conquered an empire in the East, taken Singapore, the Mauritius, British Guiana, and Hong Kong; and now, instead of the few feeble colonies left to them in 1783, when this country broke away, they have nearly seventy great provinces and dependencies, scattered all over the world, to whom Webster's drum-beat is familiar; which contain a population of hundreds of millions, and secure to the mother islands an abounding commerce, independent of all the rest of the world, but which they threw open to free competition, with a somewhat chivalrous confidence in their own resources.

Of the men produced in these modern days, why should I weary you with a bead-roll? Nelson and Wellington, Clive and Napier, stand in the front of a noble army of warriors who have carried the Red Cross Flag by land and sea; and under its ample folds great statesmen have remodelled their institutions, reformed their laws, enlarged the franchise, limited the prerogative, and laid the foundations of civil and religious liberty broad and deep. Nor have the Mother Islands hung their harps upon the willows; while their engineers have covered the ocean with lines of steamships, and their architects have embellished the scenery with noble structures, their great writers have remodelled history, and the melodious strains of Scott and Byron, of Hemans and Campbell, have been heard above the din of work-

shops that never tire — the ebb and flow of capital enlarging with each pulsation, and the gradual unfolding of that marvellous web and woof of finance whose meshes envelop the world.

I have but little more to say. If it be wise to gather the Howes together, and renew old family ties, how much more important will it be to bring together the three great branches of the British family, and unite them in a common policy, as indestructible as their language, as enduring as the literature they cannot divide!

Out of such a union would flow the blessings of perpetual peace, for no foreign power would venture to assail us; and we would be sufficiently strong to be magnanimous when international difficulties arose. Ships enough to keep the peace of the seas would be all we should require. With a landwehr of millions in reserve, our standing armies might be reduced to the minimum of cost. Capital would ebb and flow freely over the whole confederacy; our transports, instead of carrying war material, might carry the surplus population to the regions where labor was wanting, and land was cheap; ocean telegrams would come down to a penny rate; and our national debts would disappear, by the gradual increase of the population, and the growth of the general prosperity. May the great Father of mercies hear our prayers, and so overrule our national counsels, that we may come to be one people, living under different forms of government it may be, but knit together by a common policy, based upon an enlightened appreciation of each other's strength, and on a sentiment of mutual esteem.

At the conclusion of this classical address,* of which we here give a verbatim copy, Col. Howe invited the audience to join in singing the following beautiful hymn, written for the day, by Miss Caroline Dana Howe, a well-known poetess of Portland, Me., who was present on the occasion. It was sung to the air of "Bonnie Doon," the band leading. [See page 22.]

After the singing of the foregoing song, Col. Howe stepped forward and introduced Mrs. Julia Ward Howe to the audience, with these felicitous words: "Mrs. Julia Ward Howe needs no introduction; she long ago introduced herself.† I might say of her as Napoleon said of Madame de Stael — 'She carries a quiver full of arrows that would hit a man were he seated on a rainbow.'"

Mrs. Howe then presented herself, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the assembly. She was elegantly dressed, and with a very bland and graceful bearing she observed that she did not know, until she saw the programme, that she was expected to make an address besides reading a poem, but that in order not to disappoint expectations, she

* The Hon. Joseph Howe, Secretary of State of the Dominion of Canada, was born in Halifax, N. S., in 1804; was editor of the *Nova-Scotian*, 1828-40, and Secretary of State of Nova Scotia, 1848-54. He now resides at Ottawa, and is one of the ablest statesmen and most eloquent orators of the Dominion of Canada. He is the son of John Howe, editor and loyalist, born in Boston, Oct. 14, 1754; grandson of Joseph Howe, born in Dorchester, March 27, 1716-17; great-grandson of Isaac Howe, born in the same town, July 7, 1678; great-great-grandson of Isaac Howe, baptized in Roxbury, March, 1655; great-great-great-grandson of Abraham Howe, born (probably) in Hatfield, Broad Oak, Essex Co., England, made freeman here, May 2, 1638, and died Nov. 20, 1683. His father is supposed to be Robert Howe, of Hatfield, Broad Oak, England; and James Howe, made freeman in 1637, was probably a brother, so that Mr. Allibone is in error in stating that the Hon. Joseph Howe is "a lineal descendant of the celebrated Puritan divine, John Howe," who was born in 1630, and died in 1705. The *Speeches and Public Letters* of the Hon. Joseph Howe, edited by William Armand, M.P.P., were published in Boston, 1855, in two volumes, octavo. They are very able.

† The Committee feel under great obligations to this gentleman, who gave his valuable time, and paid his own expenses, refusing all remuneration, and insisting on making a very liberal contribution (a part of which only they could accept) to the fund to pay the general expenses. They found him a man of generous impulses — one of nature's noblemen — and wonder not at his popularity at home, or that he is idolized among his own people.

† Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, daughter of Samuel Ward, a distinguished banker of New York, was married to Dr. Samuel G. Howe, of Boston, in 1843. She published *Passion Flowers* in 1854. "These effusions," says a critic in the *Southern Quarterly Review*, "are written by a woman who knows how to think as well as how to feel — one who has made herself familiar with the higher walks of literature — who has deeply pondered Hegel, Comte, Swedenborg, Goethe, Dante, and all the masters of song, of philosophy and faith.

She published *Words for the Hour*, 1856; *The World's Own*, 1857; and *Hippolytus*, a tragedy, in 1858. Her *Battle-Hymn of the Republic*, published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1862, is one of the most thrilling lyrics which the late civil war called forth.

Mrs. Howe was born in 1819, and her mother, a daughter of Mr. B. C. Cutler, of Boston, was a lady of poetic talent.

would say what few words were suggested by meeting so many of her friends and kindred. She spoke of the principle of association as being one of the strongest in man's nature. It was this principle which was always attacked by tyrants and despots, in illustration of which she mentioned the prohibition of the Marsellaise by the French monarchs. The family instinct in America was democratic, the relations of parent to child free and easy. In future, when she goes to a distant town, she should ask, before any other question, "Are there any Howes here?" Of course they must differ in matters of opinion, but she hoped they all agreed in fundamental principles. She did not know if there were any strong-minded women among the Howes, but hoped there were no feeble-minded ones. She mentioned the different inventions by members of the family, and spoke especially of the benefit which Elias Howe had done to all women by his invention of the sewing-machine. She thought he must have pitied his mother, or his sister, or perhaps his wife. She had never known any Howe idlers. The "how not to do it" was something unknown to them. She closed her remarks by quoting "Si monumentum quæris adspice." [If you are seeking for a monument, look around you.]

At the close of her admirable address, she recited, with a fine effect, the following humorous and original poem on the name of Howe, which has since been set to the beautiful air "Do They Miss Me at Home?" by Grannis. [See page 23.]

This unique poem drew forth hearty applause, and was followed by an admirable piece of music by the band, when the President introduced the Hon. Wm. Wirt Howe, of New Orleans, in the following well-chosen words:

"The orator of the day, to whom you listened a short time ago, came from the far North. I have the pleasure of introducing to you now another member of our family who comes to us from the far South — from the city of New Orleans. I knew him personally in Louisiana during the war, and I can testify to the honorable part he bore as an officer in the army of the United States. Returning to the practice of the law in New Orleans, he at once attained such eminence that his appointment on the bench of the highest court of Louisiana followed, almost as a matter of course, giving the sincerest pleasure, not only to his immediate friends, but to all who are interested in the administration of justice in that State. Allow me, then, to present to you the Hon. William Wirt Howe, of the Supreme Court of Louisiana."

Judge Howe, a tall, slender man, with a Grecian forehead, then stepped forward, amid the plaudits of the people, and, in a clear and resonant voice, delivered a most eloquent address.

THE NAME WE BEAR.

Sung at the Howe Family Gathering and Celebration, Harmony Grove, South Framingham, Mass.
Aug. 31st, 1871.

Composed expressly for the occasion, by CAROLINE DANA HOWE, of Portland, Me.

Music, "Bonnie Doon."

Allegretto.

1. There come from out the Past, to-day, A thousand echoes ringing free; From gen-er-a-tions
out her mag-ic

Omit 2d time, and pass to Chorus.

borne away, Down thro' the ages yet to be. For nature knows her triumph hour, And at the mandate
roll of power A kindred sympathy to claim.

D.S. f. CHORUS.

of a name, Calls
Oh! then let us honor, and guard it with care, The name of our fathers, the name that we bear.

- 2 Our kinsmen of the long ago,
Tossed like ourselves on stormy seas;
They watched the deadly conflict grow,
Prayed, fought, and won proud victories.
This same old earth, their brave feet trod,
These same pure stars above them shone;
Our fathers' fate, our fathers' God,
Thro' all these years has been our own.
- 3 Descended from these lords of earth,
Our lives the royal stamp should wear;
While clear insignias of our birth,
Up to the Lord of Heaven we bear.
So shall these sainted souls of yore,
Who trod our soil with bleeding feet,
Around the throne their anthems pour,
As we their great reward complete.
- 4 The good, the pure, it never dies,
Those honored women, and brave men,
Who made such noble sacrifice,
Still live in all true lives again.

- 5 Their empire of the ancient time,
Shall hold through generations hence:
While passing years, in grand old chime,
Ring in a new intelligence.
- 5 We lack no element of power,
One mission has the guiding star;
And one the lowly blooming flower,
While both, God's chosen vassals are.
If one but rightly fills his place,
However small that sphere may be;
No seraph at the throne of grace,
Hath surer claim of Heaven in fee.
- 6 Friends! kinsmen! of a worthy race,
Oh let us proudly fix our eyes
Where honor holds her court of grace,
Through noble deeds, and high emprise.
For he alone is truly great,
Whose virtue goes before his fame;
Whose soul stands ever robed in state,
To make illustrious his name.

I SIT AND LOOK OUT OF MY WINDOW.

Sung at the Howe Family Gathering and Celebration, Harmony Grove, South Framingham, Mass.,
Aug. 31st, 1871.

Poetry by JULIA WARD HOWE.

1. I sit and look out of my window, The sky wears her fair summer brow; I have promised a poem you wait for, And

fancy says nothing but Howe. I walk by the high-tossing ocean That curls at the vessel's swift prow; I

tell it to give me my verses, And what does it answer me, "Howe?" And what does it answer me "Howe?"

Rit.

2 I dream in the meadows sweet-scented,
And follow the turf-cutting plough;
So Burns found his mouse and his daisy;
I seek to—and only find Howe.
Then I go to my books very learned;
I must write those same verses, I vow;
Come, help me, you Greeks and you Germans;
The books, too, have learned to say Howe.

3 Yet I know 'tis occasion most fitting
When birds that have flown from the bough
Come back with their broods and their music
At the pleasant suggestion of Howe.
And I know there are wondrous inventions
To which other continents bow;
There are sewers and reapers and wringers
Baptized in the good name of Howe.

4 There's a man who unloosed a soul's prison
With a patient endeavor, I trow,
Brought the blind and the dumb into freedom,
And that soul in its gladness knows Howe.
And one was all ready for battle,
When Southerners made their great row,
And one hopes that battles are over,
And the woman must show the world Howe.

5 I sit and look out of my window,
The sky wears her fair summer brow;
I have promised a poem that you wait for,
And fancy says nothing but Howe.
Thus others can sing to you better,
I may shut my worn music-book now;
But I'll close with a true woman's blessing—
"God's grace to the children of Howe."

ADDRESS

OF THE

HON. WM. WIRT HOWE,

Judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana.

WE are gravely assured by Mr. Darwin that the family of Howe, as well as the more numerous family of Smith, and the possibly more aristocratic family of Howard, are descended from certain "ape-like progenitors," with hairy skins, and pointed ears and prehensile tails.

We are further informed that these ape-like progenitors were arboreal in their habits; that they were devoted to climbing; that their favorite study was literally the pursuit of the "higher branches"; and their most vaulting ambition was to leap from limb to limb of the primeval forest.

Now, whether Mr. Darwin be right or wrong in his theory — whether his skilful antagonist, Mr. St. George Mivart, have demolished him or not — it is certain that the Howes (as well as the Smiths) are arboreal in their habits; that though their hairy skins may have been modified to more or less smoothness, and the points of their ears become more or less rudimentary, yet they are still fond of trees; their natural academy is the grove; their natural temple the over-arching forest; their natural place of meeting, on such an occasion as this, the cool arcades of the New England woods.

It is well that we should meet under such noble trees. We may have lost the power of climbing them, possessed by our "progenitors," (that power appears sometimes in our boys, by the process of "reversion," and trousers perish everlastingly,) — we may, I say, have lost the art of climbing these noble trees, between whose dark stems the forest glows so beautifully with the rising and setting sun, yet we have not lost the faculty of enjoying their color, their form, their shade, their associations. They have come down to us from a former generation; they were contemporaries of those ancestors whom we have met to talk about to-day.

I have thought that on such an occasion a speaker might, without impropriety, allude to his immediate ancestors, and, so to speak, leap from limb to limb of his immediate family tree; for this is a private meeting, and we may talk of things in which the world at

large would feel no special interest. It is perhaps matter of regret that I have nothing very surprising to say in this regard. I cannot affirm, with the man in the song, that "my grandfather was a most wonderful man"; I cannot allege, after the manner suggested by Tony Lumpkin, that "my mother was an alderman and my aunt a justice of the peace."

And, by the way — or rather out of the way — to me even certain forms of joke have their points worn away by the continual dropping of the years. In one of Sheridan's comedies there is a character who purports to be crack-brained, and one of his most ridiculous plans is to run stage-coaches by steam, and light them with gas. We see no joke in that: yet it was probably received with shouts of derisive laughter by the gods of the gallery at Drury Lane. And so poor Tony Lumpkin's jest about a mother being an alderman and an aunt a justice of the peace, is no longer, I fear, a proper subject for mirth in Massachusetts. It has even been said by the journals — and we must believe everything we see in them — that an eminent lady of our own family has been made a justice of the peace in Boston, and that she will soon be uttering the Delphic thunders of judicial decision, and launching the live lightnings of the writ of *fieri facias*.

But this is a digression, and let us return to our — ancestors. I will not go back, like Moliere's lawyer, to the garden of Eden, but will come down to an even more modern point than the opposing lawyer suggested when he recommended his antagonist to "pass on to the Deluge."

I learn that my great-grandfather, Abner, died, in the revolutionary army, in 1776. His son, Job Lane Howe, born in Brookfield, Mass., in 1769, removed to Shoreham, Vermont, in 1796, where my father, the eldest son, was born in 1797. Vermont was then a frontier country. An irreverent child might have met a she-bear in those dense forests without any special interposition. People crossed the Green Mountains then, and settled on Lake Champlain, as now they cross the Rocky Mountains and settle on Puget Sound.

My grandfather seems to have been a good pioneer, for two reasons at least: in the first place he was a public-spirited citizen, and in the second place he had great theoretical and practical skill in mechanics, being an architect, a builder, a mill-wright, a wheelwright, and a ship-builder. He planned and built the first church — or, I should say, “meeting-house” — erected at Shoreham; and so thorough was his work, that it is still told that the shingle roof lasted without repair for fifty years. He also manufactured some of the first wagons used over those early rough roads; and it is related, as evidence of the sincere manner in which he did this work, that one of these wagons, after being used thirty years, sold for more than its original cost, having been built after the manner of Dr. Holmes’s “one-hoss shay.”

In 1806 he removed to Crown Point, New York, and it may be said that he substantially founded the town. He built the dam across the stream which there falls into Lake Champlain; built extensive grist-mills and saw-mills; erected the brick meeting-house, and the principal mansion and store, which still stand on the village green. He also established lumber-yards, and at last a shipyard.

Nor did he work for himself alone. It is related that he was benevolent and public-spirited. In 1814 he volunteered, as captain of a troop, for the defence of Plattsburg. In 1816, known as the famine year, when there was a frost in Northern New England every month of summer, he freely fed the poor, and refused to sell his grain to speculators from abroad, who offered him high prices. This may have been very bad political economy, but we have reason to suppose it was pretty good religion. He was often found, with a force of his men, improving a road or a bridge; and, on one occasion, being told by a neighbor, “This will do *you* no good,” he promptly replied, “It will do somebody good.”

In 1829, on account of a wide-spread pressure in the money market, he was obliged to make an assignment of his extensive property for the benefit of his creditors; yet I rejoice to say that it was really made for their benefit; and he lived to see every debt paid in full, and something left for his children.

He died in the Fall of 1839, at the age of 70, and, though full of years, his death was greatly hastened, apparently, by a singular mishap. The winter before, he went out on the snow-crust in the woods some miles from home to select ship-timber, for which he had an excellent eye. While thus engaged, the sun came out, the crust melted, and he was obliged to wade home through snow that was leg-deep. The exertion was excessive for a man in his 70th year, and probably hastened his death; for, by reason of strength, of temperance, of an orderly, industrious life, he might easily have attained the age of fourscore.

Indeed, the region where he lived was rather famous for longevity. It is said by some veracious chronicler, that once a traveller, riding along Lake Champlain, saw a white-haired veteran of perhaps 95 years sitting by the roadside weeping bitterly, and said to him, with respectful sympathy, “Venerable man! why do you weep?” “Oh!” said he, “I was a bad boy this morning, and father thrashed me.”

Well, I have told you, in very few words, the story of the life of the only remote ancestor with whose history I have any especial acquaintance. There is not much in the story. I would not tell it, except in what I consider a family circle; it is neither exciting nor romantic; there is no glamour about it. He lived laborious days, without haste, without rest, doing the duty of the hour, as builder of churches, mills, ships and towns, but building wiser than he knew, I fancy; for, as an honest and sincere worker, who wrought as with the loving, yet inexorable, Eye of the Great Taskmaker ever resting upon him, he was really one of those pioneers who help to lay broad the foundations of the State.

To those financial Jews who think that Wall Street is a little heaven below — a sort of Jerusalem the Golden — his life would be an absurd stumbling-block; to those political Greeks who hope to go to Saturn when they die because there are such magnificent “rings” in that planet, it is the merest foolishness; but to those who reflect that the Commonwealth must, after all, be founded on the lives of those who do their work honestly and sincerely — and chiefly in the private station — such a modest life may seem of considerable value, as being, in its small way, in the nature of a corner-stone. Even Thomas Carlyle might be satisfied with work done so thoroughly as his.

We have a singular variety of “Great Man” nowadays. The Hon. Jabesh Leatherlungs, being quite unable to earn an honest living, rushes into politics; plays the demagogue; gets on by flattery and bribery; goes to Congress; prints speeches, which he not only never delivered, but which he never even composed; skips along through life from one false pretence to another, as men cross broken ice by jumping from cake to cake; and he is called “our eminent fellow-citizen.” I have no quarrel with the Hon. Jabesh Leatherlungs, or with his devoted friends, who call him “our eminent fellow-citizen.” But I do affirm that it is a great mistake to say that Mr. Leatherlungs, or any other man like him, is in any wise the cause of our national prosperity. He is not a cause, he is only an accidental concomitant. He is no more a cause than the fly that sat on the chariot was the cause of its locomotion; no more than the eunuch is the cause of the apple-crop.

The country gets on in spite of him. The cause of our national prosperity is to be

found in the honesty and industry of our pioneers, who move on in the van, doing the hard work, and doing it well.

And I think we may, without being pharisaical, thank God for a virtuous New England ancestry — an ancestry pure in heart. We are told by Professor Tyndall that what is called radiant heat may be so gathered into a focus as to make platinum white-hot; and yet the same concentrated rays may be poured into the human eye not only without injury, but without sensation, so unconscious and impregnable is this organ by its nature to the attacks of radiant heat. In like manner, it seems as if the white souls of our grandsires, who lived among these healthy hills, were unconsciously impregnable to those attacks of temptation which consume the present generation as in a furnace seven times heated.

It might be too boastful to say that we have inherited this disposition to well-doing, and this indifference to evil. But we may try to cherish the good example of our worthy ancestors. In the elder and better days of the Roman Republic it is notable that the fathers taught their sons by continual personal companionship, and example of that kind is such a power! One of my earliest recollections is being taken by my father into the great kitchen, late at night, to see a band of fugitive slaves fed, as they made their way through Western New York to Canada. We may differ on the political questions which at that time were involved in such an act, and we have a right to differ; but we will all agree in our estimate of the power of such a scene upon the mind of a child. And whenever I hear those memorable words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me," the scene in the old kitchen returns; and it seems as if the light which shone from the great fire on the hearthstone was not a whit brighter or warmer than the light of universal brotherly kindness which beamed from my father's face.

I thank you, my friends, for the kind welcome you have given to me and mine; and I join you heartily in best wishes for all who are known "By the name of Howe."

At the conclusion of this admirable address, the following song, entitled "The Good Old Name of Howe," written expressly for the occasion by Mrs. Mary R. Howe Hinckley, of San Francisco, Cal., and adapted to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," was sung with feeling by the congregation. [See next page.]

Miss Warner then advanced gracefully, and sang, in a clear, sweet, and finely modulated voice, the first two stanzas of the "Star-Spangled Banner," the band supporting, and the audience joining in chorus. The President then made the announcement that a series of three races for prizes would occur in the afternoon:

1st. A foot-race on the highway near the grove — first prize, silver cup; second prize, silver fruit-knife.

2d. A potato-race — first prize, silver napkin ring; second prize, silver pencil-case.

3d. A tub-race — first prize, gold pencil-case; second prize, silver pencil-case.

This concluded the exercises at the speakers' stand, and the President then informed the audience that the hour for dinner had arrived; and, preceded by the band, playing a lively air, the vast concourse of Howes moved quickly forward to the mammoth tent, where the smoking viands were awaiting them.

XII. THE DINNER.

The table was spread by Mr. S. F. Twitchel, of South Framingham; and it may well be supposed that, after the long services at the grove, the people came with sharpened appetites to the ample board. Grace having been said by the Rev. Moses Howe, of New Bedford, the viands were discussed without reserve, and full justice done to every course and side-dish of the banquet.*

Dinner being over, the company resolved itself into a general speech-making assembly, led by Col. Frank E. Howe, who was full of sparkling wit, which kept the company in the happiest mood, and who, by his free and happy hits and *bonhomie*, inspired every one to say whatever he might think would be of interest to the assembled family. He then read a telegram just received from the Lyman family, which was holding its second reunion at Northampton, Mass., congratulating the Howe family on its gathering, and wishing it health and prosperity. Many amusing anecdotes of their ancestors and relatives were told by different persons. The President paid a high compliment to Mr. Elias Howe for his efforts in arranging for this reunion, and proposed that he should have charge of the money contributed toward the payment of expenses.

The President, Col. Frank E. Howe, introduced the Rev. Moses Howe as follows:

"I am very glad that there is present one of whom I have known, and whom I have respected, since my early boyhood. Though quite an old man, he still retains, in a wonderful degree, his youthful feelings; he is jovial and witty.

"He has married more persons than almost any living clergyman, and is willing, I have

*WHAT THE HOWE FAMILY ATE.—We learn from Mr. Twitchel, the caterer at the great Howe Gathering, some facts about the taste of the Howe family, that may be of general interest. They ate 1200 ears of corn, 70 watermelons, 32 pecks of the famous South Framingham doughnuts, 150 pies, besides a wagon-load of chicken, beef, lamb, and ham. — *Framingham Gazette*.

THE GOOD OLD NAME OF "HOWE."

*Sung at the Howe Family Gathering and Celebration, Harmony Grove, South Framingham, Mass.
Aug. 31st, 1871.*

Composed expressly for the occasion, by Mrs. MARY R. HOWE HINCKLEY, of San Francisco, Cal.

Music, "Auld Lang Syne."

1. You meet to-day to cel-e-brate With fil-ial heart and brow, As Children of one

fam - i - ly,—The dear old name of Howe. Brothers and Sisters,—by that name You

hold in rev'rence dear; How fitting you should set apart, This day for friendly cheer.

- 2 And as you meet, in converse sweet,
"Beneath the greenwood bough,"
Think of the absent ones, who claim
The dear old name of Howe.
We cannot all be there, to join
The Family Gathering,—
And thus a loyal Daughter, sends
This friendly offering.
- 3 The English name our Fathers bore,
We proudly cherish now;
Aye! wear it "in our heart of hearts,"
The dear old name of Howe.
Though planted first on England's soil,
A seion of that tree,
Borne o'er the sea—was grafted
On the Tree of Liberty.
- 4 For when the call for Freemen came,
(As ye are rallying now—)
In time of peace, proved to uphold
The grand old name of Howe.

- Our Fathers, arming for the fight,
Left anvil, desk and plow—
Upholding in the cause of right,
The noble name of Howe.
- 5 Oh grand old days when Heroes lived;
Green is their memory now;
And Children's children reverence
The dear old name of Howe.
Now the old Family Tree sends forth
Its strong roots everywhere:
And North, and East, and South, and West,
Some goodly branches bear.
- 6 Broad is the land our Fathers tilled,
The harvest's wealth untold;
Home of the Free! enshrined in thee,
Their precious trust we hold!
God of our Fathers,—reverently,
Before thy Throne we bow:
Help us to keep unstained and pure,
The good old name of Howe.

no doubt, to perform that ceremony here to-day, if there are any here who wish to be married.

*The Rev. Moses Howe was born in the west parish of Haverhill, Mass., Aug. 22, 1789. He was a clerk in his uncle David Howe's store, in Haverhill, nearly six years. He preached for the first time, May 1, 1814, and was ordained in Salem, Mass., May 2, 1816. He was married to Frances, daughter of Asa and Ruhannah Dearborn, of Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 11, 1823, by whom he had three sons, viz.: Moses G., born Aug. 14, 1826; William S. G., born Nov. 9, 1831; and Lyman B., born Feb. 25, 1838.

This veteran in the ministry has preached about

"I refer to the Rev. Moses Howe, of New Bedford, familiarly known as Elder Howe."

8,000 times, attended 2,215 funerals, and joined in marriage 3,680 persons. He is a lineal descendant of James Howe, of Ipswich, who was admitted freeman May 17, 1637, and who was the son of Robert Howe, of Hatfield, Broad Oak, Essex Co., England. He is therefore of the same branch as the Hon. Joseph Howe of Canada. May his last days be his best days, and "his strength be renewed," according to the promise, and he "mount up with wings as eagles." [Is. xl. 31.]

REMARKS OF REV. MOSES HOWE, OF NEW BEDFORD,

AUG. 31, 1871.

Mr. President:

Being over eighty-two years of age, and therefore a very old man, you would not, I suppose, expect from me a long speech, even if the time were not short.

I claim the privilege of addressing you, my friends, as brothers and sisters. That such we are I think I can prove to my own mind, if not to yours. We will not go back to the creation, but only to the days of Noah, who had three noted sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth. These young men, in some way or other, were informed, and believed, that there was to be a great flood, and, with that wise forecast for the future which has distinguished our branch of their descendants — I speak with due modesty — they took each a wife.

To Asia went the descendants of Shem, to Africa the descendants of Ham, and to Europe and America the descendants of Japheth. Does it not follow, therefore, that the latter was our progenitor, and his full name Japheth Howe? Thus is our relationship of brothers and sisters established.

I am glad, my brothers and sisters, to meet so many of you at this celebration, to see so many joyous faces, to hear the friendly voice, and to shake the hands of so many of this warm-hearted family. I trust that this occasion will prove a blessing to us all, and cause our hearts to be united more firmly than ever before.

We have each decorated ourselves with a badge — a badge of blue. There is a significance to this color which perhaps has not occurred to you.

It antedates to the time of one of our ancestors — Moses of olden time, the son of Amram. In his day, the children of Israel were commanded to make for themselves robes, a garment not unlike the dressing-gowns which men are wont to wear, and to put thereon around the wrist a ribbon of blue, and around the neck a ribbon of blue, and around the skirt a ribbon of blue,

"that," to use the words of sacred Writ, "they might look upon it and remember all the commandments of the Lord to do them."

And so, were their hands at any time in anger to a servant, the blue ribbon on the wrist would remind them of the command: "Thou shalt not kill, and if thou shalt smite a servant so that he die, thou shalt surely be punished."

Were they speaking in reproach of a neighbor, the blue ribbon on the neck would remind them of the command: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Were they pursuing a wrong course in life, the blue ribbon upon the skirt of the garment would bring to their remembrance the command which saith: "Thou shalt not follow the multitude to do evil, but ye shall walk in all the commandments of the Lord, that ye may live."

Thus were these three great commandments, which forbid the wrong in thought, word, or deed, taught the children of Israel by the ribbon of blue which they were commanded to wear.

May these badges of blue ever remind us of our obligation to obey the laws of God, to love Him with all the heart, and to love our neighbor as ourselves!

I will close, Mr. President, by expressing one wish: May the several members of the Howe family be noted for their Christian faith, their Christian hope, and their Christian charity, even to the latest generation.

The chairman then stated that there were five members of the family now living, whose united ages were 404 years. Mr. John Howe, of Providence, sang an original comic song by one of his relatives, which he called his "Aunt Jerusha." Rev. Mark Anthony DeWolfe Howe, D. D., of Philadelphia, made a brief speech of welcome and cordial greeting. A relative of the family, Mrs. L. Golding Benton, a former missionary to Asia, related some interesting rem-

miscellaneous of her grandfather, Capt. Daniel Lowe, of Deerfield, who was twice captured by the Indians, and once reduced to slavery.* Other remarks were made by Mr. Wm. Howe, of Rahway, N. J., Mr. Sidney Lowe, and Mr. Julian Howe, of Michigan.

At dinner, the following resolutions were then offered by Moses G. Howe, Esq., a lawyer of Boston, and son of Rev. Moses Howe, of New Bedford, and adopted:

RESOLUTIONS OF THE HOWE FAMILY.

That the members of the Howe family here assembled in Harmony Grove, before returning to their several abodes, offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That this occasion, which has brought into a family union so many of our kindred from various parts of the country, from Canada to the distant Pacific, has been exceedingly interesting and profitable, inasmuch as it has revived in our recollection, and brought to our knowledge, the names, the memory, and the deeds of an honorable ancestry. Because it has renewed many acquaintances, and brought into more intimate fellowship many who long since separated, and many who never before met.

Resolved, That we send our greetings to our brothers and sisters far and near, who now bear, or who have borne, the name of Howe, and we regret they are not with us on this occasion, and we wish them good health, happiness, and prosperity.

Resolved, That whereas we have inherited from our ancestors an honorable name, we will endeavor to transmit it untarnished to our posterity.

Resolved, That our thanks are especially due, and are herewith given to Mr. Elias Howe, of Boston, who first conceived the idea of having this celebration, and who, after a labor of months, has brought it to a successful consummation. Also that we are under great obligations to our distinguished cousin, the Hon. Joseph Howe,

* We regret that we had not the opportunity of taking down, at the time, the very entertaining remarks of this lady. She is now lecturing in this country upon Life and Scenes in Palestine. The *Lyceum Magazine* thus speaks of her:

"Mrs. Benton has resided with her husband, Rev. Wm. A. Benton, for more than twenty years, as American missionary in the Holy Land.

"As Syrian life and manners have hardly changed since the days of the Apostles, any graphic and truthful account of the present life and manners of the people of Palestine, gives the most vivid and instructive commentary of the times when the Christian religion was established.

"Mrs. Benton (we know from having heard her lecture, no less than from a host of testimonies) has the rare gift of holding audiences of young people spell-bound by her picturesque, yet unpretending eloquence. She reproduces the customs and life of Syria as it may be seen to-day, so vividly, and with such interesting anecdote, that she makes every one see the people among whom Christ preached, and the country in which "he went about continually doing good"; and from the scenery and customs of which he drew his illustrations of moral truth." She now resides at Oakdale, West Boylston, Mass.

for his interesting and instructive address. Also to the presiding officer, and all others who have contributed by poem, address, song, or otherwise, to make the occasion a success.†

A collection was then taken up for defraying the expenses, after which Col. Howe offered the final sentiment: "To our absent friends!" when the company withdrew to witness the foot-races. One was on the road, the other on the campus.

The potato-race was thus arranged: Three parallel lines, a few feet apart, and, it might be, two rods in length, were marked off on the green sward; at equal distances along these lines some ten or a dozen holes were sunk into the earth. Each contestant stands beside a basket of apples at the head of his line, and, at a given signal, starts, with an apple, for the first hole in his line, and drops it in; returns to the basket for another apple for the second hole, and drops it in; returns for a third, and so on, till the holes in his line are filled. He then, in the same manner, carries them back severally to the basket. He who takes the apples soonest to the basket wins the game. The three runners were unequal as to size and age, but sprang with right good will the instant that the word was given, to the execution of the task. A thousand witnesses encircled them, some cheering for the long, some for the lithe, some for the little boy. One has more strength, one has more suppleness, one more agility. The "little boy" is the quicker on the "turn," the lithe boy bends the nearer to the sod. The little boy leads — the sympathy is for him — he pants a trifle; one apple misses mark; the lithe boy almost creeps upon the ground, but steadily, surely. He is gaining — slow and steady never fail to gain — and there he is — line cleared three apples in advance — and there he stands, amid the acclamations of the multitude, the athletic victor. Well done, Sumner L. Howe! He also won the first prize, a silver cup, in the foot-race, and we hope that he may win it in the race of life.‡

The boat-race was omitted.

† The Rev. Elbridge G. Howe, of Waukeegan, Ill., but now of Paxton, Mass., and the veteran Edward Howe, Esq., of Portland, Me., rendered the Committee great and valuable assistance in furnishing lists of names, and in sending circulars to members of the family in all parts of the country. Credit is also due to Dr. Estes Howe, of Cambridge, and James Howe, Esq. of New York, for very valuable assistance. Miss Delia Howe, of Goshen, Ct., aged 79 years, manifested her interest in the Gathering by travelling 150 miles, 30 of which was by stage, upon that day, in order to be present with her kinsfolks. She is the daughter of Jaazaniah Howe, a sergeant in the Revolutionary War. Mrs. Relief (Howe) Walker, of Cumberland, R. I., aged 80, also made great efforts to be present.

‡ Walter W. Howe won the second prize, a silver pencil, in the potato-race. The foot-race, one-fourth of a mile, was run in a little less than a minute; H. G. Tucker won the second prize in this, a silver fruit knife.

XIII. — THE HOWE CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

The contributions of antique relics, books, papers, pictures, and indeed all sorts of heir-looms, to the "Howe Cabinet," were very liberal, and drew forth many exclamations of surprise and wonder from the admiring visitors. Indeed, quite a large group of people made this tent the rendezvous for the day; "and this," as one of them remarked, "with reason, for here I see the Howes of former generations."

Among the books, pamphlets, and papers in the Cabinet, which was under the charge of Mr. William Howe, of Marlborough, we noticed, with much interest: (1.) An ancient musical publication with this title — "Worshippers' Assistant. By Solomon Howe, A. M., Northampton, Mass., 1799"; also, "The Farmer's Evening Entertainment," by the same author, 1804. (2.) "A Treatise on Being Born Again. By S. Wright, Boston, 1742," with this autograph on the title-page: "Thaddeus How, his book, 1757." (3.) "New Guide to the English Tongue. By Thomas Dilworth," with this autograph: "Rachel How, July 31, 1751." (4.) The old Family Bible of "the Wayside Inn." Folio. From Genesis to Isaiah inclusive. (5.) A rare and curious printed sermon, bearing this significant title: "Discourse written by Uriah How, of Canaan, in the 20th year of his age, and left with his friends when he went on a campaign to Canada, and was killed in the year 1758." "He listed in the wars Apr. 9, 1758, and set out on his march for Canada June following, and on the 6th of July received a mortal wound from the enemy, at, or near, Ticonderoga, and returned back to Albany, and there died of his wound, Sept. 1, 1758." Printed in 1761. pp. 12. Text, Isaiah xxx. 1. This curious sermon is followed by some dozen or more quaint verses, of which the first and third will serve for a specimen:

"Come on, brave soldiers, who are bolder
Than our *New England* boys?
Who dare expose their lives with those
Of them that fear no noise.

"Come let us then all as one man
Fight for KING GEORGE'S laws,
And put our trust in God, that's just,
For he'll defend our cause," etc.

(6.) Ancient Indian deeds to John Howe and others on parchment; a letter from Oliver Prescott to Col. Howe, of the "Wayside Inn"; a very old and rusty memorandum-book, supposed to have belonged to Mr. Peter How, of Hopkinton. The following receipt was lying open between its pages:

"Rec'd of Mr. Peter How thirty-seven shillings and sixpence a year and an half rent of 100 acres of Land in Hopkinton to 25 of Sept. last.

EDW'D HUTCHINSON,
Treas'r of the Trustees.
BOSTON, Dec. 4, 1730."

From this rare book we copy the following memoranda:

"Abigail Stanhope, deceased Sept. the 17th, 1722, aged 28."

"Joseph How, dyed Octr. ye 13th, 1723 aged 17 yrs., 2 mos., and 3 days."

"Sam'l How, dyed July 17, 1732.

"SUDBURY, Nov. 26, 1731.

Received of Peter How, of Hopkinton the sum of six pounds, ten shillings, in full satisfaction for the sarvis of my son Joseph to him performid, in the space of six months and twelve days, in the year one thousand and seaven Hundred Thirty. I say received by me,

JONATHAN STANHOPE."

The following minutes seem to refer to the officers of a military company:

"John Bowker, Sar.; Benj. Burnap Elisha Hayden, Cor.; James Lock, Abraham Tilton, James Wark, D.; Mark Whitney, Nath'l Smith." These were Hopkinton men.

Among other relics of the same kind, was an original document, with the autograph of Daniel Gookin, major-general of Massachusetts, and author of the "Historical Collections of New England." It was dated June 14, 1682, or about five years anterior to his decease. Also, a deed from James, an Indian, dated 1680, to Thomas Martin. Also, a document signed by Col. Ethan Allen, the friend of the "Green Mountain Boys." A settlement of the estate of Nehemiah Howe, of Poultney, Vt., in which was shown the "setting-out," or *trousseau*, of one of the Misses Howe, in 1784, attracted much attention. A bride in such array in 1871, would "make a figure in the world."

A copy of *Tate and Brady's Psalms*, bearing date 1762, recalled to mind the singing of the Howe family circles in the days of old.

From a worn and yellow leaf we copied the following receipt, which indicates a business transaction of one of the Howes upon the frontier, in the "times which tried men's souls:

"BENNINGTON (VT.), 21st July, 1777.

Received of Mr. Abner How, for the use of this State, twenty-three pounds. It was for a yoke of Ary Ward's cattle, sold as Tory property. Received per me,

IRA ALLEN."

Among the portraits, we noticed one of the Rev. Nathaniel Howe, distinguished for his unique, truth-telling century sermon; one of his son, Gen. Appleton Howe, late of Weymouth; one of Lyman Howe, and on

of Silvia Howe, both of Shrewsbury, entered by J. S. Howe, and also a very striking one of Mr. Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing-machine. The photograph of the old "Howe Homestead," in Framingham, elicited many encomiums.

Four generations from the "Old Homestead" were represented in a group of photographs bearing the names :

- I. MRS. ELIAS HOWE.
- II. ELBRIDGE HOWE.
- III. ELBRIDGE H. HOWE.
- IV. CARRIE HOWE."

A well-executed coat-of-arms of the Howe Family, from the "Wayside Inn," — the old revolutionary "tavern stand" of Sudbury, made famous by the classic pen of Longfellow, awakened many pleasant associations, and seemed to make the romantic incidents of the poet's pen a positive reality. Other relics from the old hotel confirmed the accuracy of the lines descriptive of the WAYSIDE INN as given in the poem. We are happy to be able to present a fine front view of the building as it now appears.

THE WAYSIDE INN.

[From a Photograph of Mr. J. W. Black. See Prang's Chromo, on last page.]



This famous resting-place for man and beast, so long associated with the name of Howe, is situated on the road running from Wayland over the "Causeway" to Marlborough, and about two miles from the depot of the Lowell and Framingham Railroad at South Sudbury. It is nearly three and a half miles from Sudbury Centre, and something like a half a mile to the north of Nobscot Hill, in Framingham. The road, on which it is built, was originally the "North Path" of the early settlers from Watertown to Hartford, and afterwards the stage-road from Boston to Albany.

The House was called, in the days of David Howe, the first occupant, "The Howe Tavern in Sudbury," to distinguish it from the tavern of John Howe, only two miles distant, in Marlborough. In the days

of Ezekiel, son of David Howe, who took the house as early as 1746, the soldiers and teams, to and from the French war on the lakes, made this their halting-place. "Ezekiel How, Innholder in Sudbury" — for so the Rev. Josiah H. Temple copies for me from the State archives — "victualled soldiers on their return from an expedition, 1758." During the occupancy of Ezekiel, the house received, from its sign-board, the name of the "Red Horse Tavern," as the poet intimates :

"And, half-effaced by rain and shine,
The Red Horse prances on the sign."

Col. Ezekiel dying in 1796, his son Adam kept the house for about forty years, when it passed into the hands of his son Lyman, and at his decease, a few years since, out of

the Howe family. Originally it was of but one story in height; and a part of that building was standing as late as 1829. The poetical name of "Wayside Inn" was given to it by Mr. Longfellow, who has most truthfully, as well as most beautifully, described the quaint old house and its most celebrated landlord.

We are happy here to insert the description of

THE WAYSIDE INN,

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

One Autumn night, in Sudbury town,
 Across the meadows bare and brown,
 The windows of the wayside inn
 Gleamed red with fire-light through the leaves
 Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves,
 Their crimson curtains rent and thin.
 As ancient is this hostelry
 As any in the land may be,
 Built in the old Colonial day
 When men lived in a grander way,
 With ampler hospitality;
 A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
 Now somewhat fallen to decay;
 With weather-stains upon the wall,
 And creaking and uneven floors,
 And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall.
 A region of repose it seems,
 A place of slumber and of dreams,
 Remote among the wooded hills!
 For there no noisy railway speeds,
 Its torch-race scattering smoke and gleeds;
 But noon and night, the panting teams
 Stop under the great oaks, that throw
 Tangles of light and shade below
 On roofs, and doors, and window-sills.
 Across the road the barns display
 Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay;
 Through the wide doors the breezes blow;
 The wattled cocks strut to and fro,
 And, half-effaced by rain and shine,
 The Red Horse prances on the sign.
 Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode
 Deep silence reigned, save when a gust
 Went rushing down the country road,
 And skeletons of leaves, and dust,
 Shuddered and danced their dance of death,
 And through the ancient oaks o'erhead
 Mysterious voices moaned and fled.
 But from the parlor of the inn
 A pleasant murmur smote the ear,
 Like water rushing through a weir;
 Oft interrupted by the din
 Of laughter and of loud applause,
 And, in each intervening pause,
 The music of a violin.
 The fire-light, shedding over all
 The splendor of its ruddy glow,
 Filled the whole parlor large and low;
 It gleamed on wainscot and on wall;
 It touched with more than wonted grace
 Fair Princess Mary's pictured face;
 It bronzed the rafters overhead;
 On the old spinet's ivory keys
 It played inaudible melodies;
 It crowned the sombre clock with flame,
 The hands, the hours, the maker's name,
 And painted with a livelier red
 The Landlord's coat-of-arms again;
 And, flashing on the window-pane,
 Emblazoned with its light and shade
 The jovial rhymes, that still remain,
 Writ near a century ago
 By the great Major Molineaux,
 Whom Hawthorne has immortal made.
 Before the blazing fire of wood
 Erect the rapt musician stood;
 And ever and anon he bent
 His head upon his instrument,
 And seemed to listen, till he caught
 Confessions of its secret thought —

The joy, the triumph, the lament,
 The exultation and the pain;
 Then, by the magic of his art,
 He soothed the throbbings of its heart,
 And lulled it into peace again.
 Around the fireside at their ease
 There sat a group of friends, entranced
 With the delicious melodies,
 Who, from the far-off noisy town,
 Had to the Wayside Inn come down,
 To rest beneath its old oak trees.
 The fire-light on their faces glanced,
 Their shadows on the wainscot danced.
 And, though of different lands and speech,
 Each had his tale to tell, and each
 Was anxious to be pleased and please.
 And while the sweet musician plays,
 Let me in outline sketch them all —
 Perchance uncouthly as the blaze
 With its uncertain touch portrays
 Their shadowy semblance on the wall.
 But first the Landlord will I trace;
 Grave in his aspect and attire,
 A man of ancient pedigree,
 A Justice of the Peace was he,
 Known in all Sudbury as "The Squire."
 Proud was he of his name and race,
 Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh;
 And in the parlor, full in view,
 His coat-of-arms, well-framed and glazed,
 Upon the wall in colors blazed;
 He beareth gules upon his shield,
 A chevron argent in the field,
 With three wolfs' heads, and for the crest
 A Wyvern part-per-pale addressed
 Upon a helmet barred; below
 The scroll reads, "By the name of Howe."
 And over this, no longer bright,
 Though glimmering with a latent light,
 Was hung the sword his grandsire wore,
 In the rebellious days of yore,
 Down there at Concord in the fight.

The following letter from a member of the Howe family will be read with interest:

"FRAMINGHAM, Oct. 6, 1871.

"The Wayside Inn, so well known to the traveling public, and made immortal by the poet Longfellow, is situated in the southwesterly part of Sudbury, on the old stage road leading from Boston to Worcester. It was built and opened as a house of entertainment in the year 1700, or 1701, by David Howe, grandson of John Howe, the first settler of Marlborough. It was kept by father and son for five generations, the last of the name being Lyman Howe, who died, at the age of fifty-nine years, in the spring of 1860. By his death this branch of the Howe family became extinct, and the famous 'Howe Tavern,' by which name it was familiarly known during a period of one hundred and sixty years, then passed into the hands of strangers, and ceased to be an inn. As a house of entertainment, it was always characterized by its good order and hospitality, and not less by the sumptuous table with which it refreshed the hungry traveller. Before the innovation of railroads several stages made their daily call at this house, stopping long enough to change horses and allow the passengers, often from the remotest sections of the country, and sometimes from foreign lands, to breakfast, or dine, and leave their parting blessing for the good landlady; whilst, filling the spacious yard in front, were to be seen the heavily-loaded teams bringing produce, destined for the Boston market, from New York, Western Massachusetts, and intermediate places along the route. And within this ancient inn, among other reminiscences of its history, is pointed out the room where Lafayette, the friend of American liberty, once took lodgings for a night, while on a visit to the country he had helped to save.

"Yours truly,
 "G. M. HOWE."

Among other curious heirlooms was the old sword, referred to in the poem, worn by Col. Ezekiel Howe in the Concord fight, and a silver-mounted watch, which he had

carried through several battles. There were also muskets, pistols, and powder-horns, in attestation of the military achievements of the family.

A pair of snow-shoes and large shoe-buckles attracted much attention. A curious knitting-machine, invented by Mr. J. M. Howe, of Oregon, also elicited much praise, and will doubtless add to the reputation of the family for inventive genius. An old wooden trunk, or chest, originally belonging to Mr. Abraham How, who died in Roxbury in 1676, was labelled with this line of its descent:

“Abraham How. It then descended to his daughter, Hannah How, who married Capt. Eliezer How; then to their son, Ensign Gershom Howe, who married Hannah Bowker; then to their daughter, Merriam How, who married Jotham Bartlett; then to their son, Antiphas Bartlett, who married Lois White; then to their daughter, Lois Bartlett, who married William Felton; then to their son, Cyrus Felton, the present owner.” The chest is about two feet in length, and is made of hard pine, oak, and chestnut. It has a curious figure carved in

front, and is painted red. It is certainly good for another brace of centuries.

The wife of the Rev. Nathaniel Howe was represented by her wedding-shoes worn January 2, 1792, and another Howe by an enormous wedding-bonnet of the coal-hod pattern of 1829; another by the next-to-nothing pattern of 1869. But under many points of view, the most interesting article in this rare cabinet was the original sewing-machine, invented by Elias Howe in 1845, standing beside one of the improved machines of 1870. It is enclosed in a box less than twelve inches long, and is in good working order still. What strange associations cluster round this old machine, which, to some extent, has changed the destiny of the industrial world, and rendered the name of Elias Howe, like those of Watt and Stevenson, immortal.

We are happy to be able to insert here some remarks, on the invention of this machine, by Thomas P. Howe, Esq., Counselor, of New York, and also a clever poem, by Mrs. H. Griffith, a relative of the Howe family, of DeKalb, Ill.

THE INVENTION OF THE SEWING-MACHINE.

BY THOMAS P. HOWE, Esq.

THE invention of the sewing-machine, by Elias Howe, jr., is a triumph of genius of which the Howe family may well be proud, for probably no other invention of any age has contributed so much, in the same length of time, to the happiness and comfort of mankind, or done so much to elevate woman from exhausting and killing drudgery. For centuries the need of a machine to perform the tedious work of the needle, and to save woman from the slow death resulting from its constant use, has been seriously felt, and as early as about the commencement of the present century efforts began to be made for the production of such a machine. The problem was, however, a difficult one to solve. All efforts to operate the common hand-sewing needle by machinery, and thereby produce a practicable sewing-machine, have been utter failures, and the production of an efficient machine in this way has been thus far, and probably always will be, too much for human genius. The problem of producing a successful sewing-machine was not then to be solved by simply giving by machinery the ordinary motion to an ordinary hand implement, but involved the necessity of new devices and combinations, operating differently from anything before known, and opening into a field of invention which the genius of man had never before trod.

Elias Howe, jr., the inventor of the sewing-machine, was a native of Cambridgeport, Mass., and, at the time of the production of the invention, poor in money, but rich in genius, of good habits, and untiring perseverance. In 1845 he produced the sewing-machine, which has immortalized his name, and which presented the peculiarities of a needle with the eye in the point, a device for securing the thread under the cloth, and a feeding apparatus for advancing the cloth to the needle as it was sewn. For securing the thread on the under side of the cloth, Howe used a shuttle carrying an independent thread, which device is still used in a large share of the machines now manufactured, though in some it has been changed to a looper. Patiently and unflinchingly, in the midst of poverty, with a feeble wife and two helpless children dependent on him for support, and his beloved wife finally dying at his side, young Howe toiled on till success crowned his efforts, and the sewing-machine became one of the established improvements of the age. The value of this invention to the people of the United States alone, in money, from the mere saving of labor, has been shown, by proof, to be more than one hundred millions of dollars per annum; but its value in the promotion of the happiness of mankind, is beyond human calculation.

ELIAS HOWE, JR., *the Inventor of the Sewing-Machine.*

BY MRS. H. GRIFFITH.

Long years ago, in the primitive age,
When the hand-press tardily printed the page,
And news rattled along in the four-horse stage,
And men plowed with the wooden plow;
With the old hand-sickle their reaper for grain;
The donkey and pannier their fast express train;
And they travelled on foot, in dust and in rain:
The world had not heard of *Howe*.

Women combed the wool with a card of wire,
While the busy wheel buzzed in front of the fire;
Each house-wife a spinner, and weaver, and dyer.
[Motherhood's cares, no less than now,]
By day labored as hard as the man at the plow;
By night bent o'er the seam, with aching brow,
As she pleaded with God some relief to allow;
Yet only the echo said — *Howe?*

From one age to another it was echoed down,
Till at last there was born, in an Eastern town,
A son to a farmer, sturdy and brown —
We acknowledge God's hand in it now —
One He designed to be just the man;
To study it out and perfect the plan,
Which, at the prayer of a woman, began,
And answer the question — *Howe?*

He worked in the mill on his father's farm,
While God watched o'er him and guarded from harm,
Gave strength to his mind, and nerve to his arm,
Which was all his inheritance now.
Though his father preserved an unblemished name,
He had no great honor, or fortune, or fame,
So he gave each one of eight children the same —
Only the name of *Howe*.

When the Sewing-Machine set to work in his brain,
He thought not of joy, of pleasure, or gain,
But toiled night and day, through sorrow and pain,
Till the lines grew deep in his brow.
He fashioned the iron, the wood, and the steel,
Till each his magical thought seemed to feel,
And with click and rattle, and joyous peal,
They answered the question — *Howe?*

Men praise inventors from day to day,
As they print, or plow, or flash news o'er the way,
While to sleep in a palace will no journey delay.
But woman will gratefully bow,

And blessing, with blessings, forever will bless
The man whose invention relieved her distress,
While Sympathy's tear she can scarcely repress
As she thinks of *Elias Howe*.

DE KALB, Ill., Aug. 22, 1871.

XIV. THE CLOSE OF THE MEETING.

This family meeting, which was in everything a complete success, was closed at five o'clock, P. M.; and the heavy-laden trains bore away to their respective homes a noble family, which had spent one of the loveliest days of the season in friendly greetings, in sweetest social intercourse, and in rich intellectual and festive entertainments, uninterrupted by a single inevitability, mishap, or accident.

In this meeting political and religious differences were forgotten, social distinctions set aside; show and sham unthought of,—one and the same spirit animated every breast, and that was the spirit of amity and fraternal love. It seemed to be an earnest and a foretaste of the meetings and the greetings, which after tearful separation here, we still may hope to enjoy upon the "Golden Shore."

For this meeting of kindred and connections every member of the family looked with delightful anticipation; by this meeting every spirit was quickened into higher life and loftier inspiration; and to this meeting every one will look back as upon one of the greenest spots on Memory's waste.

When will another come?

In response to this question, we are permitted to insert the following suggestions of Mr. Elias Howe, the eminent music publisher, and Secretary of the Committee of "The Howe Family Gathering."

REMARKS AND SUGGESTIONS OF MR. ELIAS HOWE,

Secretary of the Executive Committee of the Howe Gathering.

DEAR COUSINS FAR AND NEAR!—Our first Howe Family Gathering was a grand success, affording intense delight and pleasure to several thousands of our kindred and connections. The day was splendid, and every one appeared to enter into the joy and spirit of the occasion. The lonely found they had relatives full of fraternal sympathies; the distant found they had a "local habitation and a name"; the young met hearts responsive to their own; the aged felt "sureease of sorrow"; and one and all enjoyed a social and an intellectual banquet, never to be lost from the rich treasures of our memory.

Now, as a natural consequence of this delightful meeting, large numbers of our family, from all parts of the country, have, either in person or in writing, earnestly expressed to me a desire to have a second gathering, or reunion, the ensuing year.

Our first meeting was but just the calling of the roll; we knew not on whom we could rely, or how to send forth invitations to so many people scattered over such a vast extent of territory. Had it not been for the great and generous aid which a large number of gentlemen and ladies, in all parts of the country, promptly gave, success had been uncertain; and, for their assistance, they will please accept the very cordial thanks of the committee. To them is largely due the magnitude and enjoyment of the gathering.

Our cousins now desire another interview. They have had a pleasant introduction to each other, and would continue the acquaintance. Where, then, and when, they ask, shall be our next reunion?

Although "Harmony Grove" is a delightful spot, the whispering of the wind among the forest leaves, in some degree, prevents

the people from hearing well the speakers, and the accommodations of the village for a family so numerous are very limited.

It is therefore respectfully suggested that our second family gathering take place at the Music Hall, in Boston, on or about the tenth day of October, 1872; that it commence at about 9 1-2 o'clock, A. M., with a concert, social levee for mutual introduction, the forming of acquaintance, etc., with opening speeches and singing. Dinner might be served in Bumstead Hall at one o'clock, and, after this, the speaking and the music be resumed for the remainder of the afternoon and evening, and the next day, if thought desirable.

The Music Hall is capable of seating some three thousand people; Bumstead Hall is in the same building, and there is also an ante-room adjoining, suitable for the exhibition of the relics and heirlooms of our family. In the event of an inclement day, we should here find ourselves in most comfortable quarters, and the opportunities for hearing the speakers and the music of the bands, the celebrated organ, and the songs by the Howe family combined, would be enjoyed.

It might be added that, in coming to Boston, many of our kindred might unite their business with their pleasure; and such arrangements might be made by the committee, that, if timely notice were given, rooms and board for a day or week, at greatly reduced prices, might be engaged. Tickets of admission to the Music Hall might be issued to the members of our family at one dollar for gentlemen, and fifty cents for ladies, which would cover general expenses, such as hall-rent, music, circulars, advertising, and the like.

But these are mere suggestions, and it is hoped that all who take an interest in a second gathering will freely add to them as they may think proper, since many improvements on the plan here diffidently presented, may unquestionably be made.

The Register of the HOWE FAMILY is now in the course of rapid preparation. It will be a work of great interest to every member of our stock and lineage now existing, and to come. It will contain a complete history of the Howe family in America from the earliest settlement of any person of the name here, down to the present time. The writers will carefully trace out, from private and public papers, the lineage and descent of the various branches, and will endeavor clearly to present, as far as possible, the pedigree of every person bearing the name of Howe.

Sketches of such as have in any way distinguished themselves in art, or science, literature, military, or political life, or in any of the learned professions, together with accounts of accidents, adventures, personal exploits, trials and misfortunes, peculiarities, proverbs, and facetiæ pertaining

to the family, will be written by the Rev. Elias Nason, of North Billerica, Mass. The genealogies of the Howes of Boston and vicinity will be prepared by William B. Trask, Esq., an experienced genealogist of that city; and the Rev. Josiah H. Temple, of Framingham, who is well qualified for the task, will make out the history of the Sudbury branch of the family. These gentlemen will be assisted in their researches by Alfred Poor, Esq., of Salem.

The REGISTER will be ornamented with portraits, fac-similes, coats-of-arms, models of inventions, views of homesteads, residences, manufactories, etc., of members of our family.

The labor of preparing, and the cost of printing, such a work, containing, as it will, a thousand pages or more of compact matter, will be very great; and it is therefore hoped that every member of the family will take a lively interest in its progress, will send in to the editors as full account of his own family as possible, and also his name, to me, as a subscriber to the book, the price of which will be \$6 and upwards, just according to the cost of binding.

Books, pamphlets, and papers relating to our family, sent to either of the above-named gentlemen, will be used with care, and returned with promptness to their owners. If directed to 103 Court Street, Boston, they will be sure to reach them. Photographs for the "Howe Photographic Gallery" will be thankfully accepted.

It is presumed that the expense of publishing the Register will amount to \$7,000 or \$8,000, and therefore it will require at least one thousand subscribers to meet the outlay. But I am assured that this enterprise will be most cordially seconded and sustained by the members of our widespread family.

Allow me here again to express my sincere acknowledgments to my cousins of the Howe family, far and near, for the assistance rendered in relation to our "Gathering"; to wish them each and every one health, peace, and prosperity; to extend to them a hearty welcome to 103 Court Street, when they visit Boston, and to subscribe myself their affectionate cousin,

ELIAS HOWE,

Secretary of the Executive Committee of the Howe Gathering, held at Framingham, August 31, 1871.

XV. REPORTS OF THE PUBLIC PRESS.

The press was well represented by its gentlemanly reporters at the gathering. Very full and satisfactory accounts of the proceedings of the day were given in the Boston "Traveller," "Transcript," "Journal," "Advertiser," "News," "Post," and other city and local journals. At the close of its report, the "Post" remarked:

"On all sides the celebration was regarded as of the most gratifying and suc-

cessful character. What has been so well begun, will no doubt be continued annually. The occasion was one of much interest and enjoyment, and fully justified the originators of the same, who, it is very evident, are an honor to their name and their land. It was very largely confined to such of the family as reside in New England, though representatives were present from nearly every part of the country. The project was conceived in March last, at which time an Executive Committee was appointed. These gentlemen addressed themselves to the task with characteristic energy, and the gathering yesterday was a proud and happy result."

Another journal says :

"It seemed to be the universal opinion that the reunion had been a complete success, and every one hoped that a similar meeting might be held next year, at which the different members of this great family

should come to know each other better than they ever had before."

"It was throughout," says the "Framingham Gazette"—and this was the general sentiment—"a magnificent success. Great praise is due Elias Howe for his efforts. He was ably seconded by the other members of the committee, including Willard Howe, Elbridge Howe, and Hon. C. M. Howe."

XVI. THE REGISTER OF THE NAMES.

A register was opened for the names of those present; but it was impossible for only a part of them to make the record. The name and address of such as had an opportunity to write them are given on the following page. The names of a few, from whom letters have been received, are also added.

REGISTER OF NAMES.

- | | |
|--|--|
| Rev. J. William A. Benton, Mount Lebanon, Syria, Asia. | Rev. Lucian Howe, Fort Gratiot, Mich. |
| Loanza G. Benton, Mount Lebanon, Syria, Asia. | Mrs. Fran Howe Foote, Grand Rapids, Mich. |
| Rev. Daniel Dole, Hawaiian Islands. | Charles C. Hickey, Detroit, " |
| C. C. Dole, " " | Albert Howe, Jackson, " |
| Mrs. M. A. Howe, St. John, N. B. | Mrs. J. E. Howe Bartholmew, Lansing, " |
| John D. Howe, " " | Charles N. Howe, Saline, " |
| Jamie Howe, " " | George A. Howe, Belpre, Ohio. |
| Thomas Temple, Fredericton, " | Persis P. Howe, " " |
| Mrs. Thomas Temple, " " | C. A. Howe, " " |
| Bertha Ida Temple, " " | Mrs. Charlotte P. Stone, Belpre, Ohio. |
| Bessie Temple, " " | Henry Howe, Springfield, " " |
| Rufus Howe, Consecon, Ont. | Rev. Timothy Winter Howe, Pataskala, O. |
| Mrs. W. W. Field, Consecon, Ont. | J. S. Howe, Cincinnati, Ohio. |
| Henry P. Winter, Reporter, Boston Daily News. | Dr. Storer W. Howe, " " |
| E. Emerton, Reporter, Boston Daily Advertiser. | Henry Howe, " " |
| C. B. Tillinghast, Reporter, Boston Daily Journal. | Dr. A. J. Howe, " " |
| Charles H. Ames, Reporter, Northampton Free Press. | C. R. Howe, Akron, " |
| D. S. Andrews, Norway, Me. | Rev. H. R. Howe, Pine Grove, " |
| Mary E. Andrews, " " | George W. Howe, Cleveland, " |
| P. H. Fiske, Readfield, " | James M. Hiatt, Clermont, Ind. |
| J. D. Howe, Portland, W. Va. | Ira J. Howe, La Fayette, " |
| C. Burr Vickery, Washington, D. C. | Mrs. Ira J. Howe, " " |
| Leverett N. Howe, St. Charles, Minn. | Charles P. Howe, " " |
| Hollis Howe, Faribault, Rice Co. " | Anna J. Howe, " " |
| George G. Howe, " " " | Edw. P. Howe, Indianapolis, " |
| Henry P. Howe, Dansville, Tenn. | E. Frank Howe, Terre Haute, " |
| R. D. Howe, Vicksburg, Miss. | Joseph M. Howe, Bloomington, " |
| Jesse Haven, Enterprise, Utah. | Samuel T. Howe, Spencer, " |
| O. C. Howe, Mobile, Ala. | John B. Howe, Lima, " + |
| John Milton Howe, Portland, Oregon. | James Howe, " " |
| John D. Howe, Omaha, Nebraska. | D. W. Howe, Franklin, " |
| E. K. Howe, Lakeview, " " | S. L. Howe, Chicago, Ill. + |
| Hon. William Wirt Howe, New Orleans, La. | W. E. Howe, " " + |
| Bainbridge Howe, Alameda, Cal. | F. A. Howe, " " + |
| William Howe, San Francisco, Cal. | J. L. Howe, " " + |
| A. T. Dewey, " " | Samuel Brown, " " + |
| A. B. Bancroft, " " | Sylvanus Howe, Robinson, Ill. |
| C. E. B. Howe, " " | Julia Ward Howe, Newport, R. I. |
| Ezra Howe, Carlisle, Ky. | John Howe, Providence, " + |
| Julia Howe, " " | J. G. Brown, " " + |
| J. B. Howe, Louisville, Ky. | Eliza Howe Brown, Providence, R. I. + |
| Mrs. Jennie Howe, " " | Mrs. Relief Howe Walker, Cumberland, R. I. |
| Hannah W. Howe, La Fayette, Md. | Mrs. Seraphine Pierce, Cumberland, R. I. |
| James Howe, " " | Henry B. Noyes, Bristol, " + |
| Charlton H. Howe, La Grange, Mo. | Mrs. Willard Pierce, Diamond Hills, " + |
| William H. Howe, Florine Station, Mo. | William E. Tolman, Pawtucket, " + |
| Aaron S. Howe, Clinton, Henry Co. " + | Martha L. Howe Tolman, " " + |
| James Howe, Plattsburg, " + | Mrs. Henry Hill, " " + |
| J. Morris Howe, Mt. Idaho, Idaho. | Mrs. Jane Howe, " " + |
| Rev. Samuel Storrs Howe, Iowa City, Iowa. | William Blanchard, Lawrence Co., Pa. |
| Charles W. Lewis, Fernandina, Fla. | William Parker Howe, Titusville, " + |
| | Mrs. Mary Howe Little, " " + |
| | A. J. Howe, Meadville, " " + |
| | Edmond Howe, W. Philadelphia, " + |
| | B. F. Howe, " " + |
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Harry E. Rice,	"	Hannah W. Howe,	"
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Delia Gates,	"	Julia Ann Howe,	"
H. E. Simmons,	"	Oliver H. Howe,	"
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Alden A. Howe,	"	Eliza H. Bishop,	"
Roxa Howard,	"	Mrs. Eliakim Morse,	"
Barnard Sumner,	"	Henry W. Howe, Waltham,	"
Mrs. E. D. Warner,	"	Mrs. Sara M. Howe,	"
Naney Eaton,	"	Sarah E. Smith,	"
Alexander Marsh,	"	Almira A. S. Batchelder,	"
Mrs. Maria Marsh,	"	Nahum Howe,	"
Henry A. Marsh,	"	Mary E. Howe,	"
Wm. Curtiss, Westborough, Mass.	"	Lavinia A. Howe,	"
Mrs. Wm. Curtiss,	"	Lucy A. Howe, Northboro,	"
Sarah H. Wilson,	"	Fannie B. Howe,	"
Caroline P. Miriek,	"	Mary S. Howe,	"
Lyman Howe,	"	Ruel Howe,	"
Abbie L. Brigham,	"	Ephraim C. Howe,	"
Emerson B. Wilson,	"	Gilman B. Howe,	"
J. B. Brigham,	"	Silas Howe,	"
George Howe, Winchester,	"	Ann G. Howe,	"
Mary Howe,	"	Anson Rice,	"
Sarah E. Leland, Sherborn, Mass.	"	Mrs. Pereis Howe,	"
Charles H. Howe,	"	Alonzo B. Howe,	"
Lewis Howe, Winchendon,	"	Edwin F. Howe, Bolton,	"
Francis Howe, Brookfield,	"	E. W. Barker,	"
Elbridge Howe, E.	"	C. G. Barker,	"
Alphonse Howe,	"	A. A. Barker,	"
John M. Howe,	"	E. G. Barker,	"
Oliver C. Howe,	"	H. D. Barker,	"
Julius A. Howe,	"	S. H. Howe,	"
Albert S. Howe, Brookfield,	"	Edwin B. Eames, Holliston,	"
Angenette C. Vaughn, Brookfield, Mass.	"	Elmira B. Eames,	"
Lorenda S. Whiting,	"	Pamela H. Clark,	"
Mary Luey Smith,	"	Elijah Clark,	"
Jennie Howe,	"	Charles E. Draper,	"
Henry Howe,	"	Charles H. Morse,	"
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Mary J. Howe, " "	Nelson Howe, Jr., " "	" "
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Harrison Howe, " "	Lyman C. White, " "	" "
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Simeon Howe, " "	Merrill N. Howe, Lawrence, " "	" "
Marcus H. Howe, " "	Hattie E. Howe, " "	" "
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C. S. Greenwood, South Gardiner, " "	Levi Howe, " "	" "
Elbridge Howe, South Gardiner, " "	Mrs. Levi Howe, " "	" "
Willard Howe, South Framingham, " "	Georgie P. Howe, " "	" "
Charlotte A. Howe, " "	Mrs. Martha M. Howe, Marblehead, " "	" "
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Lucy Ann Ballard, " "	Gideon Howe, West Medway, " "	" "
Charles Howe, " "	Susan B. Howe, " "	" "
Mrs. Charles Howe, " "	Emma T. Howe, " "	" "
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Mrs. L. E. Rice, " "	Albion K. Howe, Wellesley, " "	" "
P. P. Field, " "	Emerson Howe, Ipswich, " "	" "
Mrs. P. P. Field, " "	Ruth C. Howe, " "	" "
Charles D. Power, " "	Eliza Howe Perley, " "	" "
Josiah Hemenway, " "	A. W. Howe, Rowley, " "	" "
Mrs. Josiah Hemenway, " "	N. L. Howe, " "	" "
Edward S. Hemenway, " "	Lucy A. Howe, " "	" "
Mrs. Edward S. Hemenway, South Framingham, Mass.	Susan D. Howe, " "	" "
Frank Hemenway, South Framingham, Mass.	Celia A. Howe Prescott, Rowley, " "	" "
Henry Eames, " "	George Prescott, " "	" "
Mrs. Henry Eames, " "	Mary Jane Bailey, " "	" "
Luther Eames, " "	Charles T. Howe, Saxonville, " "	" "
Mrs. Luther Eames, " "	Harriet A. Harlow, Shrewsbury, " "	" "
H. Gardner Eames, " "	William H. Howe, " "	" "
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Mrs. Elipholet Eames, " "	Seth W. Howe, " "	" "
W. R. Eames, " "	Kate W. Howe, " "	" "
Flora Eames, " "	Anna S. Howe, " "	" "
Wilbor Eames, " "	M. Eliza Howe, " "	" "
Mrs. Catherine Eames, " "	Gideon Harlow, " "	" "
Angeline Eames, " "	Abby P. Allen, " "	" "
Fannie Eames, " "	Mrs. Maria Howe Mason, " "	" "
Emily Eames, " "	Persis H. Tainter, Watertown, " "	" "
Edwin Eames, " "	Mrs. W. A. Benton, Oakdale, " "	" "
Charles A. Stearns, " "	Sarah B. Dodge, Lancaster, " "	" "
Mrs. Charles A. Stearns, " "	Mrs. Susan Stickney Howe, Byfield, " "	" "
Mary Stearns, " "	J. Henry Howe, Enfield, " "	" "
Henry O. Stearns, " "	Mary J. Howe, " "	" "
Galvin Bullard, " "	Carrie M. Howe, " "	" "
Franklin Manson, " "	Mrs. Helen A. Howe Ripley, Enfield, " "	" "
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Mrs. Curtis H. Barber, " "	Henry C. M. Howe, " "	" "
Thomas L. Barber, " "	Willie F. Howe, " "	" "
S. W. Howe, Hopkinton, " "	Rufus Hastings, Sterling, " "	" "
Mrs. C. M. Howe, " "	Isabella Howe Hastings, Sterling, " "	" "
W. N. Howe, " "	Sarah S. Hastings, " "	" "
Clara L. Howe, " "	Abbie S. Hastings, " "	" "
John A. Fitch, " "	Humphrey B. Howe, Medford, " "	" "
Luey Ann Howe, " "	Susan E. Howe, " "	" "
Martha L. Howe Long, Hopkinton, " "	Lizzie W. Howe, " "	" "
James Long, " "	Arathusa A. Gilmore, Mansfield, " "	" "
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Lucy Howe Rice, Barre,	"	O. K. Howe, Boylston Mills,	"
James S. Stoddard, Millbury,	"	Stillman Clark, Hardwick,	"
Franklin Howe, "	"	Albert Howe, P. M., West Townsend,	"

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FUND OF THE HOWE FAMILY GATHERING,

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, AUGUST 31, 1871.

S. H. Howe, Bolton, Mass.	\$50 00	W. J. Howe, West Boylston, Mass.,	\$1 00
Col. Frank E. Howe, New York, N.Y.	25 00	J. B. Case, Haverhill,	" 1 00
Edward B. Howe, Lowell, Mass. . . .	23 00	J. H. Richards, Marlboro',	" 1 00
Hon. Joseph Howe, Halifax, N.S. . . .	20 00	John M. Tyler, Cambridge,	" 1 00
Wm. G. Howe, Haverhill, Mass.	20 00	Joseph Howe, Somerville,	" 1 00
Hon. Wm. W. Howe, New Orleans, La.	10 00	A. F. Howe, Brookline,	" 1 00
James Howe, Brooklyn, N.Y.	10 00	John Howe, Stamford, Conn.	1 00
Estes Howe,	10 00	Geo. H. B. Howe, Bradford, Mass. . . .	1 00
A. L. Howe, Dedham, Mass.	10 00	J. W. Weston, New York City,	1 00
Dr. Geo. M. Howe, Framingham, Mass.	10 00	A. M. Howe, Cambridge,	1 00
Willard Howe, So. " "	10 00	Mary Howe, "	1 00
Chas. M. Howe, Marlboro', "	10 00	Joel Howe, West Boylston,	1 00
Elbridge Howe, " "	10 00	Artemus Barnes, Worcester,	1 00
Dr. W. J. Howe, Randolph,	5 00	Joseph M. Howe, Bloomington, Ind.	1 00
Lewis A. Howe, Marlboro',	6 00	Lewis R. Howe, Orange, Mass.	1 00
Stors L. Howe, Montpelier, Vt.	5 00	Geo. W. Howe, " "	1 00
L. W. Howe, Marlboro', Mass.	5 00	E. H. Brigham, Natick, "	1 00
H. H. Howe, Burlington, Vt.	5 00	O. Howe, Brookfield, "	1 00
James Murray Howe, Cambridge, Mass.	5 00	C. W. Howe, Boston, "	1 00
John J. Howe, Birmingham, Conn. . . .	5 00	Joshua Howe, Georgetown, "	1 00
Manley Howe, Boston, Mass.	5 00	L. L. Howe, Dublin, N.H.	1 00
Geo. H. Howe, Brighton, "	5 00	Edwin Howe, Holden, Mass.	1 00
G. W. Howe, Natick, "	5 00	Chas. PUNCHARD, Chelsea, Mass.	1 00
E. W. Howe, Charlestown "	5 00	Levi S. Stockwell, New York City,	1 00
Rev. Moses How, New Bedford, Mass.	5 00	Samuel P. Teale, Cambridge, Mass.	1 00
M. G. How, Lowell, "	5 00	Frank M. Howe, N. Cambridge, Mass.	1 00
J. H. Howe, Troy, N.Y.	4 00	F. A. Henderson, Boston, "	1 00
Dr. F. A. Howe, Newburyport, Mass.	3 00	Edwin A. Howe, Ludlow, Vt.	1 00
J. A. Howe, Boston, "	3 00	A. M. Howe, Worcester, Mass.	1 00
Joshua B. Howe, Readsboro', Vt. . . .	3 00	P. B. Howe, Haverhill, "	1 00
S. A. Howe, Marlboro', Mass.	2 50	Mrs. L. R. Hartshorn, Somerville, Mass.	1 00
John A. Frye, " "	2 00	S. Howe, Gardner, "	1 00
B. F. Howe, Ashuelot, N.H.	2 00	D. H. Gregory, Princeton, "	1 00
J. C. Howe, Sudbury, Mass.	2 00	D. B. Hinckley, Marlboro', "	1 00
O. F. Howe, Boston, "	2 00	G. W. Goodnow, Cambridge, "	1 00
N. Howe, Lynn, "	2 00	B. F. How, Boston, "	1 00
Dr. Richard C. Howe, Haverhill, Mass.	2 00	Gilman B. Howe, Marlboro', "	1 00
S. H. Howe, Marlboro', "	2 00	J. W. Howe, Newton Upper Falls, " . . .	1 00
G. W. Howe, " "	2 00	Rufus Howe, Marlboro', "	1 00
N. S. Howe, Little Rock, Ark.	2 00	H. W. Howe, Portland, Me.	1 00
O. Howe, Cambridge, Mass.	2 00	Walter Howe, Charlestown, Mass. . . .	1 00
Prof. Thos. H. Howe, Boston, Mass.	2 00	Susan H. Rockwood, Upton, "	1 00
Gilbert Howe, So. Framingham, Mass.	2 00	Stephen Morse, Marlboro', "	1 00
John D. Howe, St. John, N.B.	2 00	Geo. W. Howe, Middlefield, "	1 00
Capt. F. Brigham, Hudson, Mass. . . .	2 00	Adeline Elden, Chester, "	1 00
Wm. A. Howe, Greenwich, Conn.	2 00	John Milton Howe, Portland Oregon,	50
Mrs. Lucretia Howe Amsden, Boston		P. B. Howe, Marlboro', Mass.	50
Highlands, Mass.	1 75	Geo. B. Howe, Auburndale, Mass.	50
Chas. Howe, Boston, Mass.	1 50	Edward W. Howe, Jamaica Plain, Mass.	50
S. A. Howe, Malden, "	1 00	M. Howe, Dublin, N.H.	50
Harry Howe, Ontario,	1 00	Robert C. Howe, Louisville, Ky.	50
Sara R. Howe, Cambridge, Mass.	1 00	C. W. Howe, Paxton, Mass.	50
J. C. Howe, Homewood, Ill.	1 00	Mrs. Littlefield, unknown,	50
Geo. W. Leland, Holliston, Mass. . . .	1 00	O. H. Munroe, Braintree, Mass.	20
Geo. A. Howe, West Boylston, Mass.	1 00		

HERALDRY.

The following notes on Heraldry are introduced, by request, from Mr. William H. Whitmore's able work on this subject:

For the proper description of coat-armor, which is technically termed the "blazon of arms," it will be convenient to divide such representations into five parts; viz.: the shield, crest, supporters, helmet, and motto.

The shield may be of any shape, with this exception: the lozenge or diamond shape is the only form which females can use, and is reserved for them. The crest is a common adjunct of the shield, and consists of any object placed above it, and used as a hereditary distinction. It is generally placed on a wreath made of twisted ribands of the two principal tinctures of the shield; sometimes the crest rises out of a coronet. Some of the earlier crests were merely coronets surmounted by feathers. The supporters, which are sometimes placed on each side of the shield, consisting of men or animals, are, in English heraldry, almost the exclusive privilege of peers and members of certain orders of knighthood. The use of the helmet is optional, and should never be mentioned in a blazon of arms. The motto is a word or sentence upon a scroll, generally, but not always, placed below the shield.

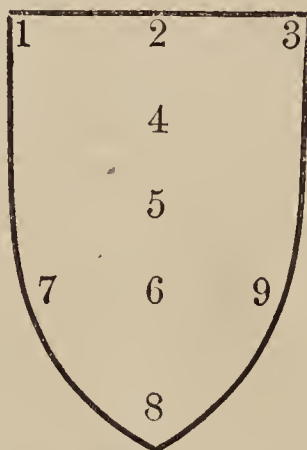
The colors upon a shield termed "tinctures" are represented in engravings by

Or, or Gold, by dots.
Argent, or Silver, by a blank.
Azure, or Blue, by horizontal lines.
Gules, or Red, by perpendicular lines.

Sable, or Black, by cross lines.
Vert, or Green, by diagonal lines from left to right.
Purpur, or Purple, by diagonal lines from right to left.

The points of a shield are:

- 1 called the dexter chief point.
- 2 called the middle chief point.
- 3 called the sinister chief point.
- 4 called the honor or collar point.
- 5 called the fesse point.
- 6 called the nombril or navel point.
- 7 called the dexter base point.
- 8 called the middle base point.
- 9 called the sinister base point.



It will be noticed that the dexter, or right-hand side, is to the left of the observer, and the sinister, or left-hand side, is on his right.

Whenever one tincture predominates, it is considered, with but one exception, to be the tincture of the shield; when two occupy equal portions, it is divided. The divisions are as follows:—

Per pale, made by a perpendicular line.
" fess, " horizontal line.
" bend, " diagonal line from point 1 on the shield, to 9.

Per bend sinister made by a diagonal line, from point 3 to 7.

Quarterly, made by a perpendicular and a horizontal line intersecting.

Per saltire, by two diagonal lines intersecting.

The "charges" are objects placed upon the shield; the simplest correspond with the divisions of the shield, and are termed "ordinaries." These are:

The chief, a band occupying the upper third of the shield.

The fesse, a band occupying the centre third of the shield horizontally.

The pale, a band occupying the centre third of the shield perpendicularly.

The bend, a band occupying one-third of the shield, diagonally, as from point 1 to 9.

The bend sinister occupying one-third of the shield diagonally, as from 3 to 7.

The cross being the fesse and pale conjoined.

The saltire, composed of the bend and bend sinister.

The chevron resembles the lower half of the saltire, with the upper lines brought to a point.

Couped—cut off in a straight line.

Sa.—abbreviation of sable.

Crescent—charge used by a second son.

Erased—having a torn edge.

Enfiled—a sword is said to be enfiled with any object which it is represented as having pierced.

Escallop—shell.

Ppr.—Abbreviation of proper—term for objects represented by their common form and color.

Ar.—Abbreviation of Argent.

Escallop, in the field—signifies that an ancestor has been on a long pilgrimage, or engaged in the Crusade.

Difference—a figure added to a coat-of-arms to distinguish those of a family who bear the same arms.

How (*Lord Chedworth*). Or, a fesse between three wolves' heads, couped at the neck, sa., a crescent for diff. *Crest*—A dexter arm, erased at the elbow, lying fesseways, and holding in the hand a scimitar, erect, enfiled with a boar's head, couped, all ppr. *Motto*—Justus et propositi tenax.

The following are charges comprised under the name of sub-ordinaries:—

The canton—a square placed in the dexter chief, and occupying one-ninth of the shield.

The inescutcheon, the bordure, the lozenge, the label, annulet, crescent, fleur-de-lys, the martlet, the escallop, etc.

By the term "blazon" is meant the description of arms so precise as to enable the reader to depict the escutcheon correctly. The rules are: 1st, the field is to be described, whether of one tincture or two; if of two, the form of division is to be mentioned, as per pale, per fesse, etc. 2d, the principal ordinary is to be named, and if none, the principal charge being the one nearest the fesse point. The remaining charges placed on the field are next to be described, the centre charge being described as "between" them, then the charges on the principal charge, the canton, and lastly the difference; being a label for first son, crescent for second, etc. The crest, supporters, and motto are to be separately blazoned after the shield. In blazon repetition should be avoided. The name of a tincture should not be repeated, but if two consecutive portions are of the same tincture, it may be mentioned only after the last.

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